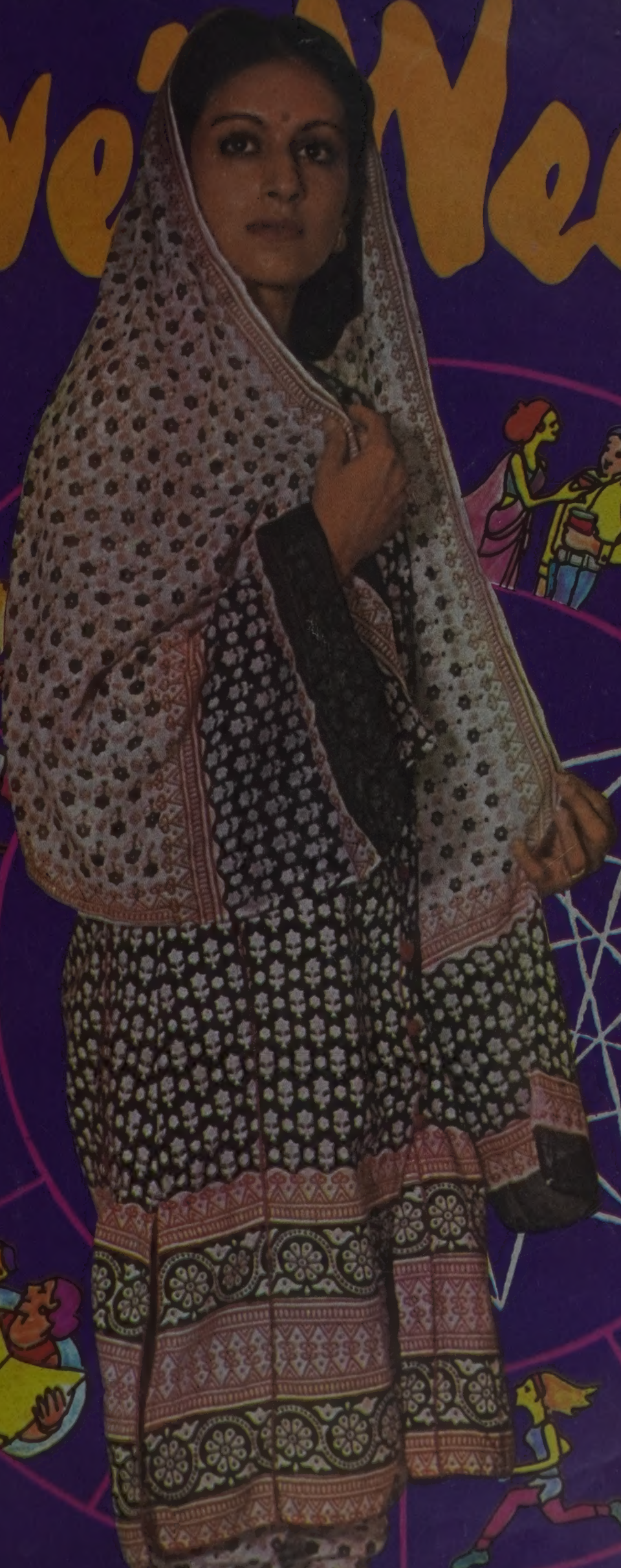
JANUARY 6 — 12, 1979

Rs. 1.50

Eve's Weekly

THE NEW WOMAN OF 1979



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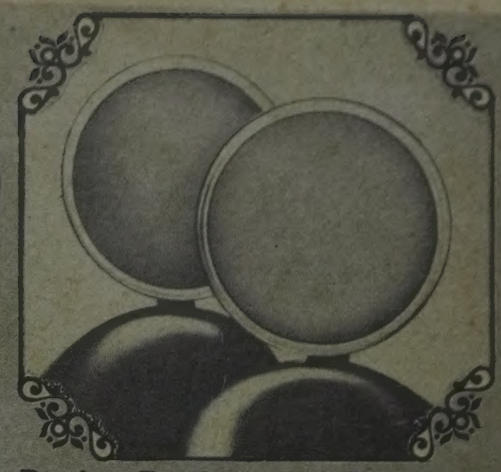

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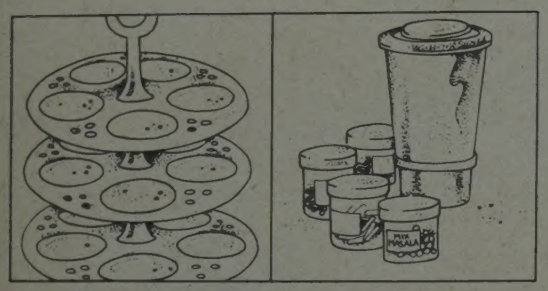
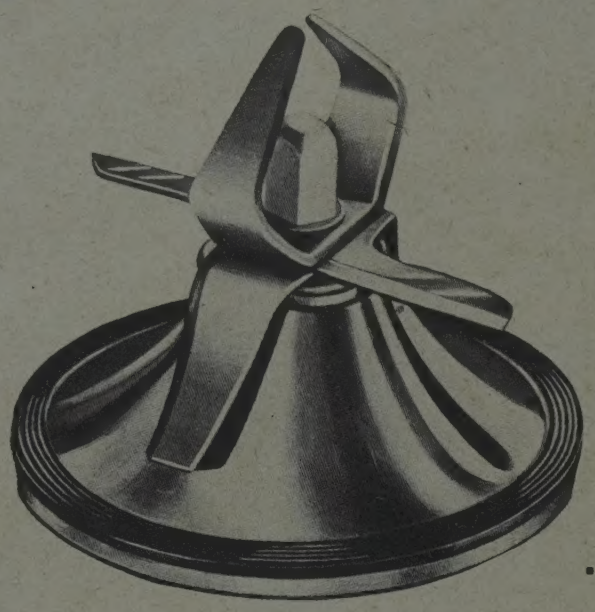
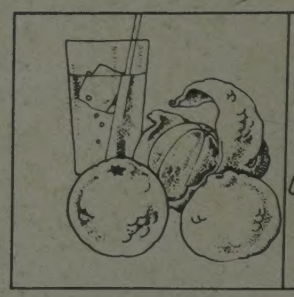


Wet grinding

Dry grinding





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VIDHYA RAO

Born April 9. Studied at the St. Joseph's Convent, Bangalore and graduated (B. Com) from M. E. S. College, Bangalore. As a student, outstanding in sports and dramatics. Speaks all Indian languages, except Malayalam. Has hitch-hiked all over India. Also enthusiastic about reading and yoga. Present occupation — modelling; hopes to make it to the fashion world in Paris.

Photograph : Nitin Jhaveri

VOL. XXXIII NO. 1 BOMBAY

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE J. C. JAIN

EDITOR GULSHAN EWING

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STUDIO FAROKH REPORTER

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER B. K. SANIL

PRINTER R. S. SARANGAN

PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, BOMBAY-400 023

PROPRIETORS EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BOMBAY-400 023

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS 1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI 235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA 163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85. Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

PERSONALISED ADVICE

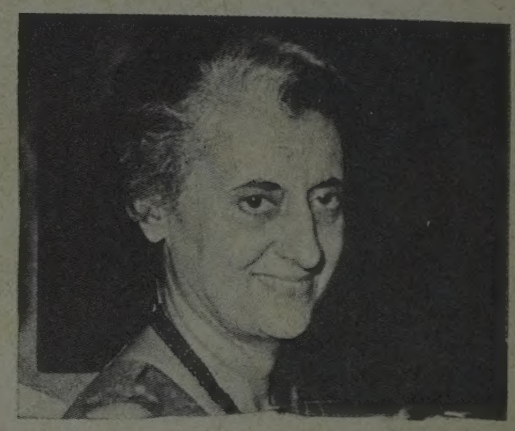
It hardly matters what resolutions you or I or the fat cow next door make, says Bachi Karkaria, so we might as well divert our energies to advising our media-fatted public figures on their resolutions.
Page 11.

ALL FOR LOVE

"For ever it was, and ever it shall befal/That Love is he that alle thing may bind."
A selection of modern Indian love poems from a forthcoming anthology.
Page 18.

WOMEN FOR MRS. GANDHI?

Mrs. Gandhi's Chikmagalur victory (for all it is worth now) prompted many to suggest that it is her woman-to-woman appeal that did it. Is it, though? This week we have the opinions of women from three cities in the south. Next week women from cities further north speak out.
Page 37.



LOVE AND MONEY IN '79

Que sera sera, they say. But it's still fun to fantasise on what the future will hold. John Naylor guides you through the new year with a detailed astrological forecast for 1979.
Page 12.

THE NEW WOMAN

A guide to how a fresh look at one's life, activities and attitudes could lead to renewed, perhaps new, commitments and resolutions that could make one a new, perhaps better, woman.
Page 46.

ALSO

Eve Today: Ambujammal, a modern, practising Gandhian — **Page 23** Colour Feature: The International Dolls Museum — **Page 24** Personality Development, Part III — **Page 45** Film Interview: Parveen Babi — — **Page 21.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty/**17**, Passing Through/**27**, Fashion/**28**, Short Story/**30**, Cookery/**33**, Comics/**36**, True Confession/**41**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54.**

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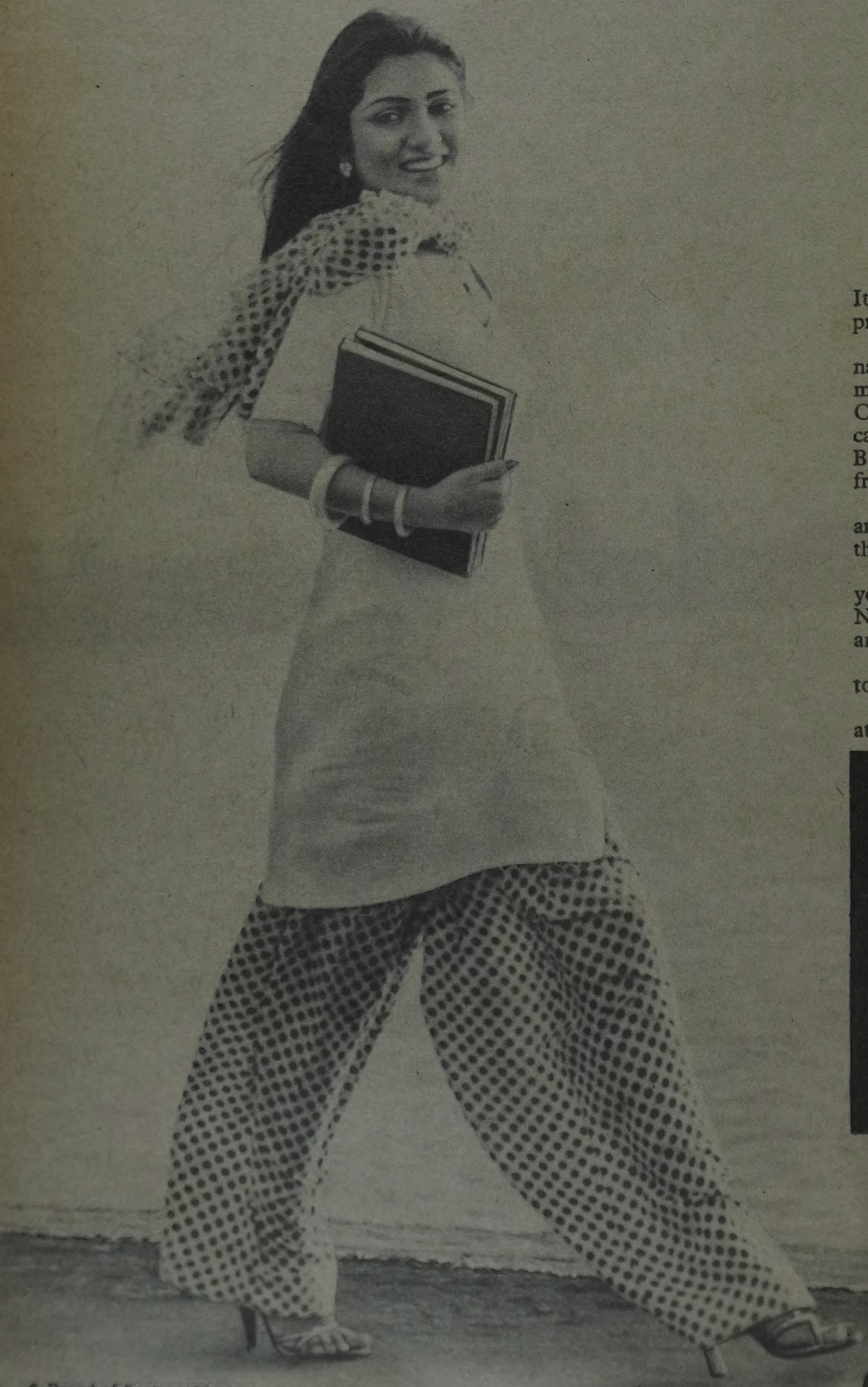

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

PARENTS' CONCERN

Don't you think young people in India are really fortunate to have parents who feel genuine concern for them in whatever they do? During examinations, they go through more tension than we do ourselves; when we opt for a risky career like the airlines they cannot rest until we are safely back home; when we get late coming home, they are sick with anxiety. It is this love and genuine concern for our welfare that gives us the security we so need to make a headway in life.

Yet, there are scores of youngsters who resent such behaviour on the part of their parents, saying that it interferes with their normal way of living. Why should the 'old fogies' always put their foot in the wrong things? We hanker after freedom which the Westerners are supposed to be enjoying. Can you imagine what would happen if our parents really became indifferent to us like in the West? We would probably be roaming about the countryside in search of God-men and yogis to show us the way to peace and security.

Jyoti Lajmi, Bombay

It is pathetic, how some parents make themselves ill worrying about their children, only to get rebuffs and scowls in return. Indian parents are specially concerned about their children; we don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing — it's certainly a natural thing. Youngsters may seem to be callous and impatient with such cloying concern but, make no mistake, they do appreciate it in their maturer years.

2nd PRIZE

LOSERS ARE LOUSY

I was appalled to read newspaper reports that our Sporting public had prepared a hostile demonstration to meet our beaten cricket team on its arrival at Bombay airport after having lost the Test series to Pakistan.

What a difference when practically this same team, arrived seven years ago, after having wrested victory from mighty England. Nothing was too good, then, to be said or done about "amchi blue-eyed boys" and they were taken in an open motorcade and honours were showered upon them.

Instead of advocating a bread-and-water diet for the eleven as some disgruntled letter writers have been advocating in the press, let us extend them every encouragement and wish them every success in the current series against the West Indies. Far from imputing malafides to the team, I am sure every one of them tried to do his best for his country against Pakistan.

Myola Pereira, Delhi

Bishen Singh Bedi, toppled from his Skipper's position said recently: A losing captain is seldom right — a winning one, never wrong. The same goes for the losing side and the winning side. Everyone loves a winner — few love the loser. It takes a special kind of spirit to embrace both. We don't seem to have that spirit.

THE PUNISHMENT

The Greek police have recently discovered a 47-year-old woman kept imprisoned, by her family in a cellar for 29 years. This is a purely barbaric act. The worst is that the girl was given this punishment when she was 18, as a "prize" for loving a local villager. The mayor, the priest and a school teacher who had been aware of this torture, should be punished along with the family members of the woman. Is it not disgraceful that in this age when we talk of advances in science, etc, there should still be such acts of barbarity? Did the priest, supposedly a man of God, think this punishment was ordained by the Almighty? I am shocked by the fact that educated people, too, had a part in this cruelty. What use is a life of freedom to her now, when she is mentally unbalanced, anaemic and weakened due to wasted leg muscles? The law should deal with the people concerned in a strong way. In fact the punishment given to them should be equal to that given for murder.

Mrs. Maya S. Hegde, Bombay

You are shocked that cruelty should be perpetrated by the educated. Why? Surely, it is not the prerogative of the illiterate—although, some might say, it should be. This young woman was punished for daring to love... and it is always the educated who lay down laws for lovers, the world over.

3rd PRIZE

BOMBAY SPECIAL

Early morning travellers found that the trains had stopped. Word soon went round about it, but this did not deter people venturing to reach their destinations. Stations were packed with commuters expecting the train service to start any moment, many short distance tarvellers were treading over the railway tracks; roads were crowded and bus stops were flooded with people. They were trying to get to their place of work somehow or the other. School children were no exception. There were people hiking lifts.

It was a gratifying experience to see that the Bombay public does have a sense of duty. In spite of difficulties, when they could have called it a day and stayed away, they did not give up. Many reached their offices even after having to change three buses. Some, of course, had to turn back but the fact remains that the morale of our people — young and old, and in all walks of life — is high. We should be proud of ourselves.

M. Fernandes, Bombay

Bombay's very 'hep", that way. Calamities bring out the best in the Bombayman; suddenly, it would seem, the whole city realises its responsibility and gears itself to defeating whatever demon attacks it — be it disrupted trains, taxi strikes or whatever.

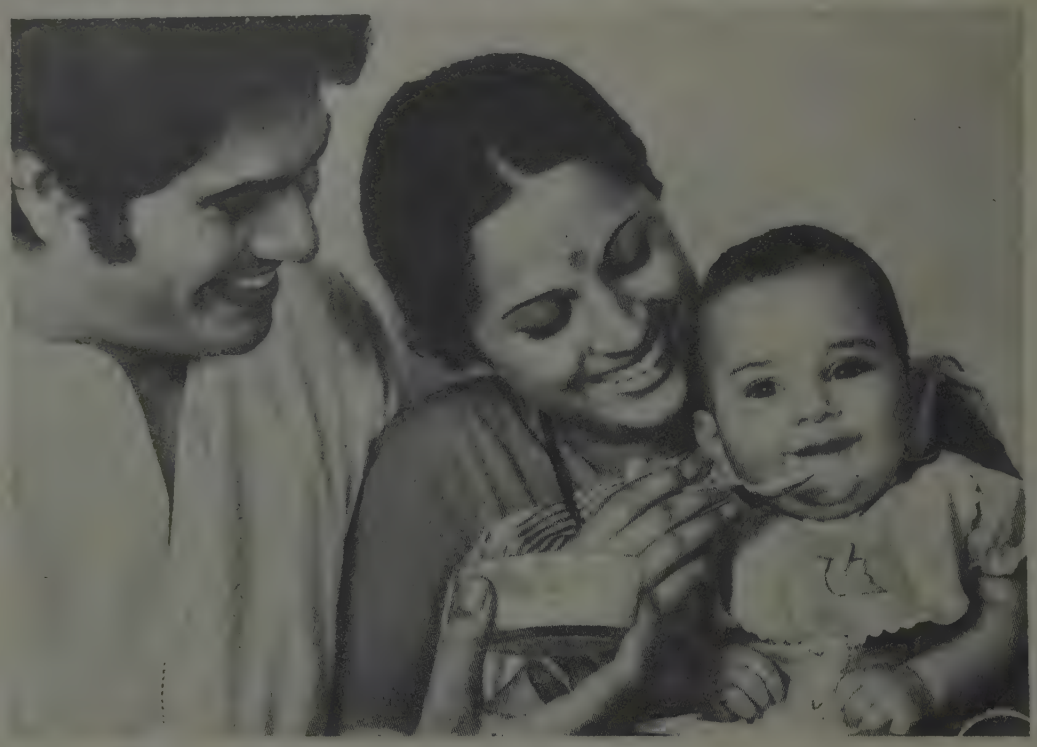
THE REAL DANGER

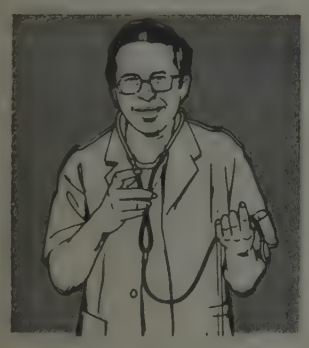
I belong to a community in which wearing artificial jewellery is considered below the dignity of a married woman. Somehow, I have absolutely no sentiments as such and I do not consider it a 'status-symbol' to own or wear diamonds or gold. I am of the opinion that wearing expensive ornaments makes a woman vulnerable to external dangers. I feel absolutely safe and free when I don't wear any jewellery at all. This way I can look after myself even when I am alone. It is absolutely foolish to invite danger by tempting unscrupulous elements to exploit your person. The minimum ornaments that a woman wears should go well with her attire, be they real or unreal. I have been nagged by my close friends and my own elders for flouting our tradition. But somehow I cannot reconcile to the idea of decking myself with any metal that can cause danger to my person. What do you think?

Srijaya N. Char, Bangalore

We think you are right. It's just no use flaunting your gold and diamonds, if you're going to be injured or dead because of doing so. Women must resist this temptation to wear their jewellery all the time, especially when they are alone and liable to physical assault.

After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.





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Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on— because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food— something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food and that is when you should give him Farex with Malt Extract.

Mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all the recipes for your baby.

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Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

WOMEN AND THE POLICE

Thank you very much for your eye-opening article entitled "How safe are women in police custody?" (Dec. 2)

It is about time the brainwashed upper classes were made aware that there exists a world outside their own, which is dark, cruel and miserable. It is time people knew that the conditions in India today are such that the "quality of mercy" is merely an empty phrase and not practical reality.

Thirty years is long enough to have created a new India. And yet, all we are left with is a withered, broken, crumbling India where equality is a myth, justice an unfulfilled dream and hunger, poverty, humiliation and exploitation harsh reality.

We live today in a nation that has decayed, a nation that is slowly being sucked dry.

We the rich, the well fed, the 'educated' — what do we know of India, anyway? What do we know of the hunger in a hollow belly, of the frozen tears in a pair of listless eyes? What do we know about the ache of hands that have toiled too long? What do we know of black prisons and the helplessness and despair of each prisoner? What do we know of the humiliation every Harijan faces, more than 35 years after a frail man set out on a lone crusade and declared them the Children of God.

Perhaps it is just as well that we do not really know about the bitter seeds and dark incidents that are so widespread. For if we did, we might not be able to sleep the serene sleep of ignorance we do now.

THRITY UMRIGAR, Bombay

CALCULATED CRUELTY

The article by Anuradha Ghandy was a real eye-opener. The heinous treatment meted out to dacoit Hasina — paraded atop a truck naked, after she had surrendered without a fight, and then shot dead by the police — is totally shameful, inhuman and calls for strict and certain action against those responsible for this crime. What seems to have been forgotten is the very fact that she surrendered without a fight only to be given shabby and inhuman treatment. It keeps one wondering whether the police authorities are protecting 'human rights' or abusing them.

The kind of things that happened during the Emergency are happening today too. There must be many other unreported instances which remain hidden. It's time we rose up in one voice and appealed to the Home Ministry to vigorously investigate into such matters and bring to book those who are guilty of taking the law into their own hands.

After all, to err is human but to inflict this kind of calculated cruelty on women, or men for that matter, is inhuman.

I. D'SOUZA, Bombay

THE RAMAYANA REVISITED

Most of the readers' responses to "The Ramayana Controversy" were very surprising. They just go to prove how blindly we approach different matters, just accepting and blindly following many traditions just because they have been so for years. The conviction that man is superior and above everything is very evident in many of the arguments which approve of Ram's miserable treatment of Sita.

Even in this day and age we tend to accept things as they are and if you dare ask the reason behind certain customs, beliefs, rituals and traditions, no one is able to or even wants to give an answer.

Unless we begin to weigh the issues of life in an objective way, and do away with such blind following, progress will always evade us.

VIJAYA MURTHY, Bombay

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JANUARY 13, 1979

MIDWIFE DADS

While here in India husbands are seldom even allowed into the labour room, in many Western countries doctors are just observers while men help their wives deliver. A fascinating report from Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

RELUCTANT TAXIMEN

Taxi drivers are notorious in most of our cities for their "nakras". Bombay was till recently a virtual paradise for the traveller in this regard. Unfortunately, not so any longer. Passengers' grievances, countered and explained by taximen.

WOMEN AND MRS. GANDHI

This week's survey of Mrs. Gandhi's popularity among women in three southern cities will be followed next week by a sampling of women's opinions in cities further north.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

What can you say about a bright young girl who has to face a painful death and does so in the most awesomely courageous way?

MECHANICS: IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK

Beginning a new column to demystify mechanics — so that every woman can fully understand and completely handle her own mechanical and electrical gadgets.

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PRESSMAN

'79 RESOLUTIONS

FOR PUBLIC FIGURES

Bachi J. Karkaria

So we have frittered away the whole year, and now we want to salvage our conscience by making a list of New Year Resolutions. At least that's a little less mundane than all the lists we've been making throughout the year — dhobi-lists, bazaar-lists, buttons-to-sew-on-lists, women-to-bitch-about-lists.

It doesn't really matter what resolutions you and I and the fat cow next-door make or break, because we are not the people who make headlines or break peace treaties. Alas, we do not even make or break into the gossip columns of such thought-provoking or merely provoking journals such as **Starbust, Filmunfair** or **Star & Tripe.** But it certainly does matter what resolutions all our media-fattened public figures make and/or break.

Now, you may turn up your nose and say, "Nonsense! It doesn't make any difference whatsoever to me what all these celebrities say or do. I don't care if Bhagwan Rajneesh resolves to call Morarji less kinder things than 'sex-obsessed fascist' in 1979, because it's not going to affect the price of brinjals and that's all that matters to me." You're dead wrong, lady, it will affect the price of your brinjals.

You see, if Rajneesh decides to keep referring to the Prime Minister in such endearing and complimentary terms in the New Year as well, the PM may get his Ashram in Pune closed. No Ashram, no sanyasins. No foreign, free-spending sanyasins, no roaring business for Pune's tailors, restaurrants, rickshawallas. They go on strike, there's a 'law and order' problem, perhaps a full-scale riot. Public property is damaged, including the railways. No trains running, so no produce from the rich farm belt coming into Bombay. Prices of all vegetables up, including your precious brinjals. As Euclid may have put it, Q.E.D.

So you see, it's extremely important that we don't allow our public figures to make their New Year Resolutions in haste. Certainly not in the haze and hangover of the New Year's Eve binge. I therefore consider it my sacred duty as a public-minded citizen, a voter and a tax-evader, to offer them some well-considered advice.

To the Congress I suggest that they resolve in 1979 to buy a giant tube of Fevicol or Araldite or whichever glorified glue is plugging itself the most these days. The public is not merely sick and tired of their inclusive merger moves, it is also utterly confused. We don't know who is in the Cong-I or Cong-S and if Swaran Singh isn't leading the latter, then what Cong. is that? So come all ye Congressmen together again.

Mr. Y. B. Chavan would do well to resolve to buy a cushion for that fence on which he's been sitting all this time. It would be a long-term investment. It doesn't look like he's going to get off it in a hurry, so he might as well make himself comfortable.

As for the lady herself — have you realized how appropriately her name begins with that most egoistic of letters of the alphabet? — she need not make a list of resolutions. She needs only to make a list of safe constituencies, preferably in the rural South where they think Emergency is only a kind of hospital ward and compulsory sterilization is what the health officer said must be done to babies' feeding bottles.

As for the Janata, they too had better resolve to find some effective glue in 1979, since they seem to have as much trouble sticking together as the Congress is having about coming together. Raj Narain must write his private resolution at least a hundred times — in chaste Sanskrit, if he so prefers. "In 1979 I resolve to observe a **maun vrat** and if I do open my mouth, I must first make sure that my foot is nowhere in the vicinity."

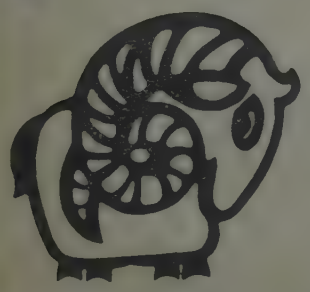
George Fernandes, if his resignation remains unaccepted, I hope will resolve not to start attacking the Coca-Cola substitutes, now that some of them have managed to come so close to The Real Thing. I'm sure George will be sporting about this even though it is now '79 and there's still no sign of his "77".

As far as Morarjibhai is concerned, I'm not going to advise him about resolving anything, just so long as he

Continued on page 49

Aries

Mar. 22 — Apr. 20



LOVE AND ROMANCE

Yes, there is good prospect of 1979 being an enjoyably companionable and sociable year. However, this does not necessarily mean that all will be plain sailing. If single you could become emotionally involved with a boy or girl who is just not a marriage prospect for one reason or another. If married, what has so far been a casual platonic relationship with one of the opposite sex could easily develop into a strong attachment. What you have to take into account is that whilst romance will flourish in 1979, circumstances which develop and prevail in 1980 will tend to break up the relationship rather than ensure its continuance, will tend to thrust an emotional crisis on you in the second half of 1980. However, this is no reason why you should not make hay whilst the Sun shines.

CAREER AND MONEY

The future planning of your future career and finances needs careful thought. The astrological indications are that (a) your status and prospects will get a boost around your 1979 birthday (b) that this will result in a period of relatively satisfactory progress which lasts 12/15 months. (c) that changing conditions and circumstances, perhaps the march of technology, will bring you to a career crossroads between mid 1980 and mid 1981. It would therefore appear good policy to push ahead enterprisingly with present business activities throughout 1979, to attempt to build up financial reserves so you enjoy an element of manoeuvrability in 1980/81, to give serious thought, in 1980, to the possibility of undertaking further study or training so you widen out the scope of your activities and experience.

Taurus

Apr. 21 — May 21

LOVE AND ROMANCE

A sense of grievance, the feeling that others are being too demanding on you or not giving you the attention and affection you deserve, may mar the start of 1979. It should not continue for long. Friends will make a fuss of you, social distractions will amuse and life will become a more companionable affair in March. Single or married, your love and sex life should take on an increasing sparkle between March and June. If courting seriously, there's everything to be said in favour of setting the stage for a proposal in May. You'll then be radiating sex appeal and find the opposite sex responsive and comparatively easy to handle. The second half of 1979, the period between August and October, could bring temporary separation from a loved one. This is a year for savouring the pleasures of home and family life.

CAREER AND MONEY

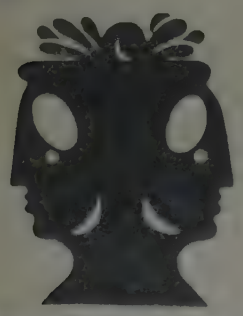
1978's experience in the business and financial sphere may well leave you feeling a bit battered and disillusioned in early 1979. If this is so, remember the old adage that when things are at their worst they can only get better. Your interests and affairs need handling with bold confidence and faith between February and June rather than apprehensive timidity. If you gamble on the future it will pay off. Luck, combined with energy and initiative should take you a step up the ladder just following your 1979 birthday. This is a time when new horizons will be opened up for you. Keep a special eye open throughout May and June for ways of boosting earnings, making extra cash on the side, pushing through profitable transactions. Also, remember that this is a time when you are more likely than usual to benefit from the goodwill of others.

Gemini

May 22 — June 21

LOVE AND ROMANCE

It is probable you will start 1979 with a slight heartache but if you hold out the olive branch in February, it should become possible to kiss and make up. If heartfree then a contact which is made in April could easily blossom into a mid year romance. If married, you'll have particular reason to be pleased with your mate — and children — mid year. If anything, keep personal and family life in separate compartments. Parents and other relatives of the older generation will tend to emphasise the generation gap with criticism or disapproval of the dress, behaviour, manners, of people you find agreeable companions. There is danger of an element of dullness or restriction developing which relates to family and home. If you intend handling any type of property deal then do so before September rather than in the last four months of the year.



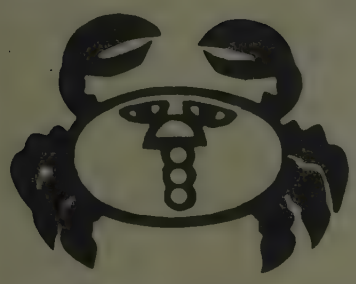
CAREER AND MONEY

A combination of factors, the more favourable economic conditions which prevail, your more alert outlook, should make 1979 a relatively rewarding year. Especially does this apply if you are involved in retailing, the sales side of commerce and industry. Whilst your business/financial judgement won't be too good in January, February is an excellent month for making important purchases and investments. If, in early 1979, things look a bit dicey economically remember the old adage that the best investment time is when things are at their worst! Mid 1979 is a time when efforts made and experience gained should pay off in terms of promotion, increased responsibility, beneficial changes which give you greater scope. In November/December there is a slight danger of misjudgements because you are too imaginative and apprehensive.

1979—FOR LOVE

Cancer

June 22 — July 23



LOVE AND ROMANCE

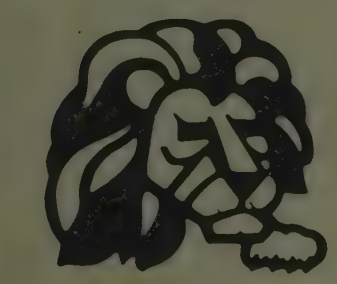
Poor communication, a failure to exchange news and views with your opposite number could complicate and add stresses and strains to your personal life at the start of 1979. At that time avoid criticism and recrimination. See you strike a positive, encouraging note. May introductions are especially likely to spark off new friendships; July stars will make you particularly responsive to companions so a happy harmony prevails; your love and sex life will be delightfully exciting and fulfilling in July/September. Venus, planet of love, will move through Cancer in July and is certain to add sparkle to your social life as well as help financially. On the one hand there'll be an enjoyable spate of parties, outings and entertainments. On the other hand, you should be able to boost income, earn extra pin money or push through a profitable deal.

CAREER AND MONEY

Between inflation, computerisation, industrial and commercial innovation, these tend to be anxious times. Stability is lacking. However, the probability is that 1979 will be a more secure and prosperous year than you are able to envisage in the winter of 1978, a time when you may, for instance, find yourself caught in a phase of enforced rationalisation and reorganisation. It will be sound policy to push your luck a bit between April and September, June and August being especially favourable months for doing so. Generally speaking, you come under invigorating, stimulating stars in June/July/August/September. You'll develop an increasing feeling all's well in your world. You will become bolder, more self confident and adventurous. Your positive, extrovert mood will favourably influence both business and personal relationships.

Leo

July 24 — Aug. 23



LOVE AND ROMANCE

It'll be no good trying to push companions around January/March. You'll just have to be patient, tolerant and sympathetic. In this three month period it will be difficult to get your own way. If courting it is possible you'll have your nose put out of joint by the brief appearance of a rival! Obviously, you must avoid playing fast and loose and giving your opposite number any cause for complaint. Apart from this early period it will be a year in which you are cosseted, spoiled, shown a quite delightful loving kindness. August/November has quite special potentialities for happy and passionate love making — partly because you'll be in an exceptionally relaxed mood and react with unusual spontaneity! Yes, you probably will have some minor family and domestic problems in early 1979.

CAREER AND MONEY

This is your year for doing big things! The opportunity will exist to take a substantial step up the ladder of fame and fortune. However, you could make a false start at the beginning of the year. Unless you are satisfied that everything is just right for a countdown don't stick your neck out over new commitments and enterprises. Be prudent and delay until what you consider the opportune moment arrives. Keep your nerve and don't let yourself be persuaded, panicked or rushed. If you haven't already substantially boosted your income in the second half of 1978, you are certain to do so in 1979. Also, you can reckon that any major financial transactions handled will show a substantial profit. You could also find yourself substantially better off as a result of a windfall, probably in the shape of a legacy or bequest.

Virgo

Aug. 24 — Sept. 23

LOVE AND ROMANCE

Don't be surprised if you experience upsets in March/April. The termination of a close relationship is then highly probable although it is difficult to distinguish whether this will be a personal or family relationship. If young and unattached it is possible you'll be experiencing a phase of disillusionment and disenchantment with the opposite sex in the early months of 1979. Your emotional life does, astrologically, come under a cloud. A notable development in the second half of 1979 may well be that you get down into much formal entertaining, that you find yourself hobnobbing increasingly with the wealthy and influential. This might come about, for instance, because you are elected to a position of honour and responsibility in an organisation or society to which you belong. Starting in July your love life will blossom.

CAREER AND MONEY

A testing year careerwise rather than a tranquil one. Throughout the first half of 1979 you'll be unable to see the wood for the trees, find yourself ploughing in much effort without obvious signs of reward or improvement in circumstances. It could happen that family circumstances which arise distract you from your work in early 1979 or that family responsibilities on top of working responsibilities result in an exhausting regime. Just how successfully you navigate January/June 1979 will depend to a great extent on your ability to organise, delegate, streamline and improvise skilfully. Yet, you have outstanding prospects of boosting your earning capacities between July and December due to the initiative and enterprise you show. Be especially cautious about committing yourself on important financial issues around April.

OR FOR MONEY

John Naylor

Libra

Sept. 24 — Oct. 23

LOVE AND ROMANCE

1979 is essentially a year for savouring the companionship with offers. Try to be both tolerant and outgoing in your relationships with your 'opposite number', with friends, neighbours, relatives. Remember that people you are currently involved with will probably be disappearing from your life in late 1980 and early 1981 and that the parting will be all the happier if you have a good relationship to look back on. Yes, there are inevitably going to be displays of temperament in March/April. Imperceptibly there will be a strengthening or increasing of family ties and responsibilities. Should a crisis arise relating to the health or fortunes of a relative early in the year, it is doubtful if this will be an isolated incident. There will be some sort of follow up in 1980.

CAREER AND MONEY

Taking the long term view, the two largest planets, Jupiter and Saturn, both move into Libra in late 1980. This rather suggests that you are heading towards an important cross roads in 2/3 years time and that changes both of domestic and working environment could then be in question. Incidentally, the Saturn transit will make for a slow but steady build up of work and responsibility over the next 2/3 years. There will be a favourable outcome to this in 1981, but it is a factor to take into account. In broad general terms 1979/80 is an obviously propitious period for committing yourself to a course of study, training, foundation laying which involves hard, persistent effort but which can produce an improvement in your status and prospects in late 1980 or 1981.

Scorpio

Oct. 24 — Nov. 22

LOVE AND ROMANCE

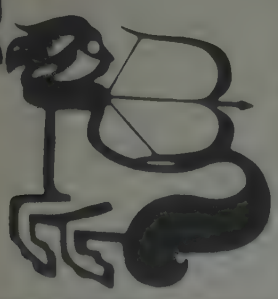
If young and eligible to marry you may well start 1979 starry eyed and deeply in love. If your birthday falls between the 10th and 15th November there's a strong possibility your romance will lead on to marriage. Single or married make sure you enjoy the companionship offered in early 1979. Try to evolve a permanent relationship without being too obviously possessive or demanding. You will inevitably be temporarily out of luck with the opposite sex in May/June. At this time be tolerant and flexible, prepared to give and take. Avoid, so far as possible, being separated from loved ones. Ever been involved in a secret romance? This could happen in September/October 1979 because you are in the financial position to sustain such a relationship!

CAREER AND MONEY

Just how successful a year 1979 is will depend on your courage in backing your convictions in late 1978 and early 1979. This is a time for making a change on an optimistic assessment of the future rather than being fearful and cautious. In the second half of January, in particular, resist any pressure or temptation to modify plans and play for safety. You are likely to come under pressure in your work in April/June — but this will probably be because things are going well and there's a struggle to cope with commitments which have been taken on. August/December has the potentiality of being one of the most progressive and satisfying periods you have experienced for quite some time, especially does this apply in a career/business/financial sense.

Sagittarius

Nov. 23 — Dec. 22



LOVE AND ROMANCE

If you have met a charmer you have been attracted to in November/December then there is a strong possibility that in January affection will blossom and that you'll find yourself embarked upon a new flirtation. Anyway, make a point of being sociable, well turned out and of exercising your charm in January. Quite apart from your personal relationships whom you know, in business, will be more important than the effort you put forth. In 1979 the shortest path to his or her heart may lie through their family. In short, love him/her then love their relatives. The winter of 1978 has romantic possibilities so don't be afraid to tell 'em you love 'em. Demonstrative affection is certain to produce a pleasing response between early November 1978 and early February 1979. There could be a temporary parting or estrangement in June.

CAREER AND MONEY

Yes, you'll have your minor problems mid year but by and large it will be the best twelve months you have had for quite a long time! Especially does this apply if you let your sense of adventure take command and are prepared to explore overseas or plunge into activities which in some way tie up with import/export. As Jupiter will be moving through the Ninth House of your Solar Horoscope you'll have a distinctly fortunate touch with anything which has a 'foreign' tag to it. Also, don't be afraid to involve yourself with church or religious activities. This could result in a resurgence of faith (and confidence) which is most helpful to you. Not a fabulous year financially but not a bad one! If you want to change your job and/or boost your income then the winter of 1978 is the time for making your play.

1979 — FOR LOVE

Capricorn

Dec. 23 — Jan. 20

LOVE AND ROMANCE

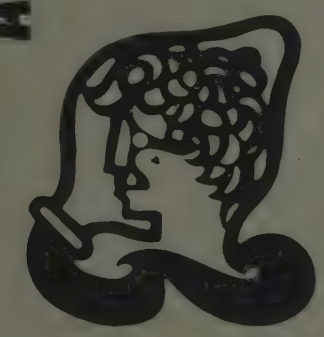
Over the past four years your Solar Horoscope has been dominated by factors relatively unfavourable to your love life. As this phase has now come to an end 1979 has the possibility of being the most companionable year you have experienced for a long time. At the start of the year, in particular, pay attention to your appearance and make sure you exercise your charm. You could be thrown together with people new to you, in January, you see a lot of in the course of the year. February stars are more relaxed and sociable. Venus will be moving through Capricorn suggesting happy ties with people you are fond of, a spate of outings and parties, a happily romantic and friendly atmosphere. July/August could be tricky inasmuch as there are displays of temperament and tantrums, temporary clashes of personality and interest.

CAREER AND MONEY

1979 promises to be a much more satisfactorily self expressive year than was 1978. You'll be more contented, find your activities go with more of a swing, find that, by and large, a more friendly and cooperative atmosphere prevails. A late 1978/early 1979 breakthrough which relates to your work, to your career and financial fortunes may be largely responsible for this. Dependent on your particular circumstances this could mean you are able to settle up commitments, pay off debts, that an important business/money transaction which has 'hung fire' is completed, that you are promoted, change job to advantage or are able to achieve a qualification or title you have been striving after. If you have experienced a career or money setback in 1978, then early 1979 is a time when you could make this good.

Aquarius

Jan. 21 — Feb. 19



LOVE AND ROMANCE

Not only is there prospect of a note of discord in your relationships with officialdom and authority, the important and influential people you are in contact with but danger you'll involve yourself with people of doubtful reputation or completely different background to yourself, this creating complications. The start of the year, January/March, is your propitious period for new friendships and new conquests, the time when romance is most likely to blossom. You'll also have happy times socially just before Christmas. In August and October danger arises of tiffs, estrangements, problems involving loved ones which are upsetting to you. There is obvious need to ensure that others in your household make their fair contribution, both in terms of cash and effort. It will be easy for you to end up carrying the can between July and October.

CAREER AND MONEY

Jupiter, the planet associated with business and money matters, spends most of 1979 moving through Leo, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Aquarius. This is not too favourable to your worldly fortunes. Whilst not disastrous it will make for setbacks and disappointments rather than a successful and prosperous 1979. It will most certainly have the effect of focusing your attention to an unusual extent on career/business/money issues and perhaps force important decisions in this sphere. Proceed cautiously and make sure that you protect your own interests. It will be a little too easy to start the year with high hopes and to decline to disillusionment in the late summer and early autumn. Unless you are making an income producing investment be inclined to avoid heavy expenditure.

Pisces

Feb. 20 — Mar. 21

LOVE AND ROMANCE

1979 is more likely to be a bittersweet year, one of turbulent emotions than a placidly companionable one. Of course, a great deal depends on your individual circumstances but in 1979 one or more people you have long had a close association with will drop out of your life and someone new will enter your life, but this new relationship may follow an erratic course or due to some connected circumstances, be subject to restriction and limitations. An inner emotional/mental turbulence will tend to build up in late 1979. Generally speaking, you'll be in better form around your birthday than at any other time of the year. Your Piscean charm and sense of humour will radiate — with considerable effect on the people you are in contact with.

CAREER AND MONEY

In 1980 Jupiter will move through Virgo, the opposite sign of the Zodiac to Pisces. This forewarns that a strong undercurrent of discontent will develop between mid 1979 and mid 1980, that in this period you'll probably feel that you have gone as far as is possible along present lines. It will be good policy, right from the start of 1979, to try and build up your reserves and savings so you have room to manoeuvre, to inaugurate changes if you feel they are necessary. In military parlance, there is always a tendency for Piscean subjects to lengthen out their lines of communication and lose contact with base. In 1979 you could have to face up to the results of this behaviour pattern of yours, finding yourself in a corner without the resources of backing necessary for the success of projects you are working on.

OR FOR MONEY

John Naylor

Big Beauty Breakthrough

Lakmé Calamine

Like nothing you've used before

Lakmé Calamine. So smooth, so easy to spread. Only Lakmé Calamine comes in a choice of shades to give you a warm glow. Medicated to fight blemishes, only Lakmé Calamine is delightfully perfumed.

Does so much good for your skin. Baby's tender skin. A man's tough skin too.

Complete complexion care—Lakmé Calamine!

Smooth and glowing

Three exquisite shades

Delightfully perfumed

Lakmé—the people who know skin.

Lakmé

deCunha/LC/1 N

BEAUTY

Herbal beauty aids are the current craze the world over

India has been known for herbal beauty aids for generations. They are part of our social and cultural heritage.

Many of our present day fads and fashions can be traced back to several generations. Henna or mehendi, which is the current craze, has its basis in the ancient hair dyeing method of gradually converting white hair into a brownish red colour. Our mothers and grandmothers converted their hair from black into brown by applying mehendi. Apart from imparting colour, mehendi is an effective treatment for conditioning hair. It should be combined with coffee, lime juice, whey and egg white. It is a powerful anti-dandruff agent and also accelerates hair growth.

The modern method of using turmeric in cream to soften skin is an age-old Indian germicidal treatment. The latest craze in the West for the blurred, dove-eyed kajal look has its roots in the East. The black eye-pencils made in the West are actually known as kajal-sticks. The kajal made with pure butter and camphor burnt into a powder using pure oil as a base, can never be replaced by the synthetic eye-pencils. In fact, kajal and surma have been used for generations by hakims for improving vision and treating other eye problems.

Pimples have been treated in India with the famous sandalwood formula. It has strong antiseptic qualities, it softens the skin and is a treatment for broken veins and acne. The Indian rose water is an astringent and prevents wrinkles. Lemon grass is an effective treatment for open pores and pimples. Lavender and jasmine have been used in combination with oil of black rose and chikni mitti as a mud pack for tightening the skin on the face and body. Today it is known as the Cleopatra pack.

One of the commonest hair removers, known as wax, now popular abroad, is the lemon and sugar mixture used for centuries in India. Used regularly, it leaves the skin smooth.

A combination of ivory powder and oil of marigold flowers is being tried as a cure for wrinkles and leucoderma. The use of moisturizers is a current rage all over the world. Indian women have been using cucumber juice mixed with honey for this purpose. Even today it is considered a powerful natural moisturizer. Haldi or turmeric, mixed with milk cream or malai, has always been used as an instant skin softener. Juhi flowers mixed with almond powder was and is still being used to control the aging process.

Ashes from agarbatti are used to pinch out unwanted facial hair and is much less painful than the expensive electrolysis treatment. A mixture of besan and choker is considered a natural skin tightener — the malai is a natural whitener, while the choker acts as a pumice stone removing dead cells. The area is then rinsed with water in which rose petals have been soaked overnight. This leaves the skin fair, smooth, tight and perfumed. Costing a fortune abroad, this treatment has its roots embedded in the Indian beauty heritage.

INDIAN HERBAL BEAUTY AIDS

Shahnaz Husain

Shikakai and reetha have always been used to shampoo hair. Mixed with various herbs, it forms a wonderful hair cleanser. Amla taken with chandi ka varak or silver foil, is a tonic for the heart and at the same time keeps the hair from turning white. Today, centuries later, science has not been able to suggest an improvement. Indian women have been using strained, used tea leaves mixed with lemon juice to add lustre to hair.

Malai and ubtan rubbed into the body regularly for eight days leaves the body perfumed and satin smooth. Henna has been used for colouring the hands and feet for centuries. Indian women have been using herbs over the years with no ill effects. No one has heard of the skin being burnt by an almond bleach.

I was recently in London to open a clinic specializing in Indian herbal creams. I found that the West is obsessed with natural therapies and that synthetics were completely out. Famous stores, like Selfridges, were selling some home-made "gur" as Indian natural sugar; and natural herbal products like saunf, clove, mint leaves and elaichi as herbal cures for digestive disorders. The West is obsessed with yoga, meditation, herbs and herbal products.

During my stay in London, I was interviewed on TV by B.B.C. as the first Asian to enter the British market for herbal cosmetics; and was also featured by leading magazines and newspapers.

In the East and in the West Asia too herbs have caught on in a big way, in spite of the fact that they always looked to the West for everything. Shahnaz Herbal Clinics in London are playing up the idea of Indian herbal remedies which are specially flown into the U.K., custom made for British skins.

AVARICE

The faint ray of a smile on your lips
returns as memory from time to time;
your face, your thoughts return again
like a candle lit bright in the dark.

The heady fragrance of the colours you wore
spreads like a brilliant dream in my mind
and every gust of wind that blows cold at night
returns the warmth of your nearness to me.

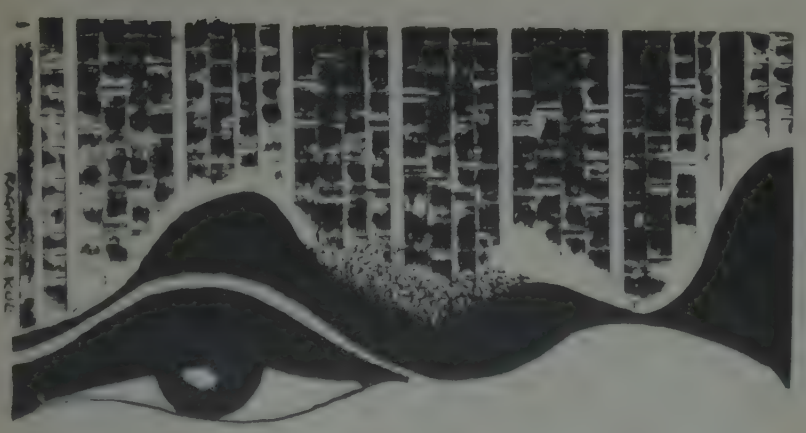
I want to disclose the secrets of our lust
but I know they will easily disperse;
I want to describe my dreams in daylight
but I fear your interpretations of them.

Your soft breath, your quiet eyes
may hide many strange desires;
while I assume you speak of love,
perhaps you speak of nothing.

Tell me what this chance encounter means
so that I may turn to words —
for I am an alien, a stranger to your city,
I know not what your favours mean —

lest weak in love I stumble
unsupported by your gentle arms,
and my tears on dark, quiet nights
flow gently, spurned by your silken anchal.

Sahir Ludhianvi
translators : Dharam Vir and Pritish Nandy



THE LOOKING GLASS

Getting a man to love you is easy,
only be honest about your wants as
woman. Stand nude before the glass with him
so that he sees himself the stronger one
and believes it so, and you so much more
softer, younger, lovelier . . . Admit your
admiration. Notice the perfection
of his limbs, his eyes reddening under
shower, the shy walk across the bathroom floor,
dropping towels, and the jerky way he
urinates. All the fond details that make
him male and your only man. Gift him all,
gift him what makes you woman, the scent of
long hair, the musk of sweat between the breasts,
the warm shock of menstrual blood, and all your
endless female hungers. Oh yes, getting
a man to love is easy, but living
without him afterward may have to be
faced. A living without life when you move
around, meeting strangers, with your eyes that
gave up their search, with ears that hear only
his last voice calling out your name and your
body which once under his touch had gleamed
like burnished brass, now drab and destitute.

Kamala Das

MODERN INDIAN LOVE POEMS

BANALATA SEN

For thousands of years I have walked this earth;
from the seas of Ceylon to the waters of Malaya
I have travelled by night; I was there
in the grey worlds of Bimbisara and Ashoke
and in the more distant dark, lost in the city of Vidarbha,
lonely, tired, surrounded by the foaming waves of life.
The only peace I found was with Banalata Sen of Natore.

The dark nights of Vidisha were lost in her tresses,
her face was a sculpture from Shravasti;
like a helmless sailor lost in the far seas
watches of green islands of spice rise before his eyes,
I saw her in that dark. Where have you been for so long?
asked Banalata Sen of Natore, raising her bird's nest eyes.

At day's end, dusk comes with the soft tread of dew
as the hawk wipes the smell of sunlight from its wings.
When all the colours of the earth fade,
the palimpsest prepares for tales in the twinkle of fireflies.
Birds wing homewards, rivers return,
all life's transactions cease. Only darkness remains
as I sit facing Banalata Sen.

Jibanananda Das
translator : Pritish Nandy

INGRATITUDE

Once you supported my jobs, griefs, hopes, ambitions.
I never thought of your soul
as separate from mine.
Shadow-like, you merged with me,
and were absorbed in me.

Now you try to draw away,
to grow aloof.
You do not share my ecstasies,
my griefs do not torment you.
You stumble behind me, at a distance,
I feel you pierce me like a thousand needles
with the reality of your separateness.

To me, our divided existence is impossible.
My ingratitude is the curse on me,
and to follow me with slow dragging steps
is the curse on you.

Indira Sant
translators : Nissim Ezekiel and Vrinda Nabar

SUICIDE

I murdered you on the shores of the sea,
the sunset glowed like a curse of God,
as I remembered the blush of the first kiss
on the nape of your neck.

Not I but the spears of a thousand eyes
hacked the wind's quivering body to bits,
when suddenly out of fear perhaps I wandered
into the folly of your hair. The forest

mocks now the sick land of Ajodhya,
Above, a sky rolls around the earth's feet,
in your pride every shell of the sea
is a sunrise unbearably bright.

In your navel's smell I discover my death,
overwhelmed in fragments of song
the water's darkness wipes the blood from my hands,
crossing the land of my body where does your body go?

Soubhagya Misra
translator : Deba Patnaik

MY FRIEND, MY STRANGER

Suddenly one day you came.
Surprised,
time stood still in my room.
The sun about to set,
paused.
Fated to return,
the sun forgot its fate.
The cosmic order complained.

When time looked at that moment,
startled,
it leapt from my window.
We remember that incident
and wonder.
Perhaps time will never
do this again.

Now the sun sets each day on time
and darkness enters my heart
each night.
But that moment which stood still
was the truth
whether you and I admit it or not.
That day when time
leapt from my window
its knees were bruised and bled.
That blood
still stains my window sill.

Amrita Pritam
translators : Amrita Pritam and
Pritish Nandy

From "The Vikas Book of Modern Indian Love Poetry", a forthcoming anthology edited by **PRITISH NANDY**

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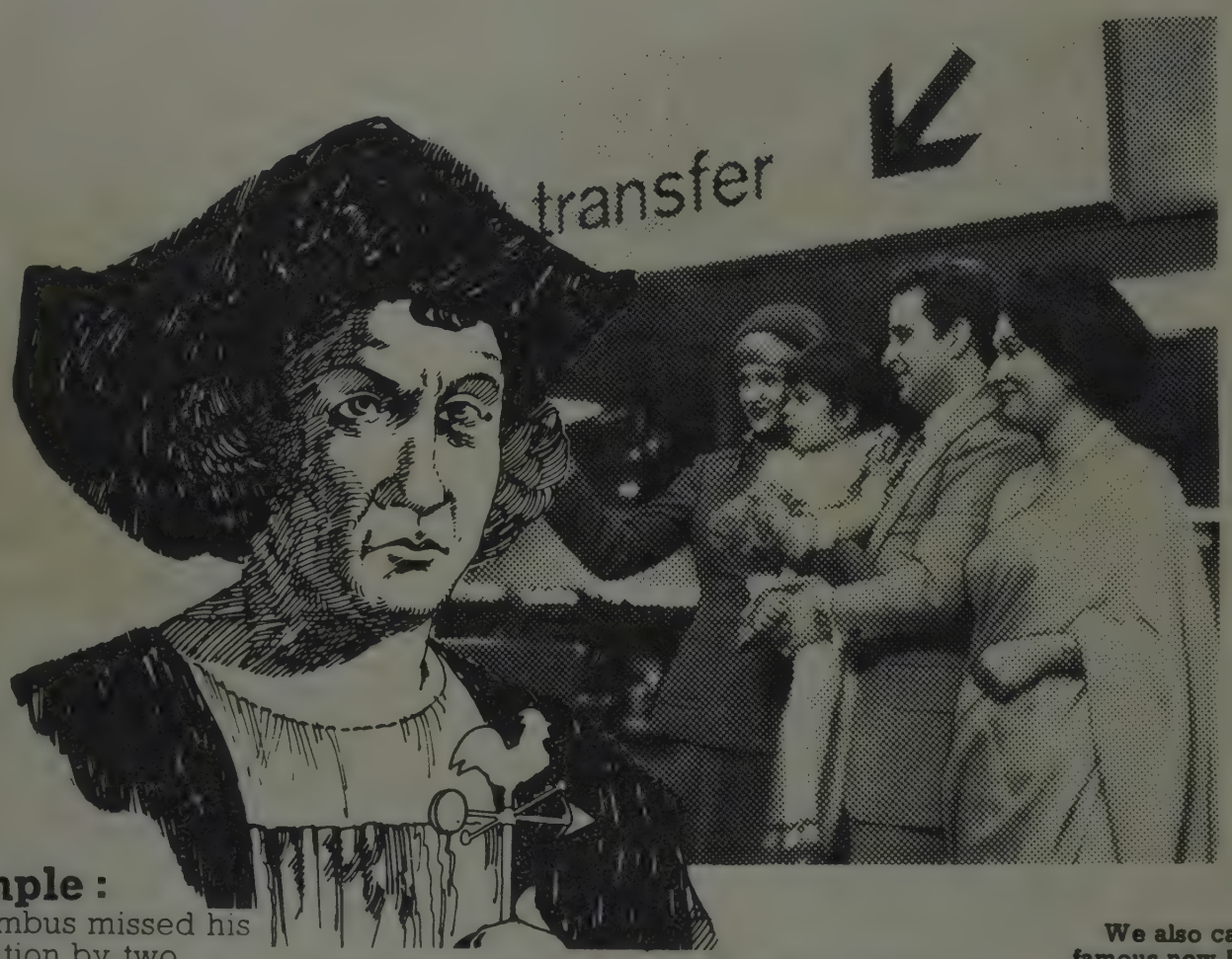

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PARVEEN BABI:

PUSHING TO THE TOP

Jyothi Venkatesh

A couple of my colleagues advised me to avoid fixing up an appointment to interview Parveen Babi through her secretary. He simply gets on your nerves and gives you the merry-go-round till you get exhausted and give up the idea of meeting Parveen, they said.

Yet I decided to have a tete-a-tete with Parveen through her secretary for the simple reason that it is more than five years since I had interviewed her last and we needed to be re-introduced to each other. Every time I rang her up, either her hair-dresser Maggie or her secretary inquired who I was and what I wanted and after I answered every question I was told that Madam had gone out.

One morning I landed at her pad in Juhu in order to nab her for this interview. Her house was in a mess. The carpenters were at work and the secretary was supervising the work and attending to every call with the same stereotyped reply, "Madam has gone out." He said Parveen Madam was shooting at R. K. Studios the next day and asked me to meet her there in the afternoon on the sets of Manoj Kumar's "Kranti".

Elated, I went all the way to Chembur. At R. K. Studios I was told that Parveen wasn't required that day for shooting. Only Shashi Kapoor was shooting. When I rang up her house to inquire whether she had left any message for me, a female voice told me that Madam was shooting at the R. K. Studios. Maybe she was having a date with her current beau Mahesh Bhatt, I thought.

Parveen, in fact, is having a second lease of her screen life after she was almost written off a year ago when she flew to Rome to be with Kabir Bedi. Today she has the choicest banners in town in her bag. Parveen is a common factor in both B. R. and Yash Chopra's films. While she is doing "Kala Patthar" for Yash Chopra with Amitabh Bachchan, Shashi Kapoor, Shatrughan Sinha, Raakhee, Neetu as her co-stars, she is working in B. R. Chopra's "The Burning Train" with Dharmendra, Vinod Khanna, Jeetendra, Vinod Mehra, Hema Malini, Neetu Singh and Asha Sachdev.

Parveen has come a long way from her very first assignment, "Charitra", in which cricketer Salim Durrani was her co-star and B. R. Ishara was the producer-director. That was five years ago. Today even Prakash Mehra has signed her for his "Jwalamukhi" opposite Shatrughan Sinha. Parveen has Shatrughan Sinha as her co-star in Harmesh Malhotra's "Mangal Pandey" too.

I remember the time when journalists had descended on Loni on the outskirts of Pune to cover the shooting of Yash Chopra's "Kala Patthar", in which Parveen plays the role of a bindaas journalist, as she puts it.

"I have done quite a lot of homework in order to prepare myself for the role by observing some of the journalists who had dropped in at my place for an interview," she told us.

Parveen is an I-care-a-damn-for-the-society kind of girl. Even on the sets of her films, she chainsmokes, unless the director is Kamal Amrohi or Manoj Kumar. Parveen is the product of the multi-star era. It was with "Deewaar" that she tasted success for the first time. Earlier, every film of hers flopped at the box-office and Parveen was more interested in Kabir and Danny than in her career.

According to her, she doesn't strive to make a star-pair with one or the other star, though it is considered that the Amitabh Bachchan — Parveen Babi pair is a formidable one as far as the distributors are concerned. "Today most of my producers want to pair Amitabh and myself on the screen just because we have given two super hits — 'Deewaar' and 'Amar Akbar Anthony'. It is a cyclic process in filmland to cast the hit star-pair in film after film in order to ensure an encore."

Parveen dismissed rumours that Amitabh was insisting on his producers casting both of them together just because he doesn't sign any more films with Rekha. In Yash Chopra's "Kala Patthar", Parveen said, though both Amitabh and Shashi Kapoor were in it, she was cast opposite Shashi and not Amitabh. Amitabh was cast opposite Raakhee, she added.

More and more producers are vying with one another today to sign Parveen Babi because of the shortage of saleable female stars. And then, not all producers can afford to sign Zeenat Aman. In fact, Parveen is hailed as the poor producer's Zeenat. And like Zeenat, Parveen too has started baring her cleavage in a generous measure, as in Manoj Kumar's "Kranti".

After Hema and Zeenat (in spite of "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" and "Shalimar") it is Parveen Babi and Reena Roy who are today vying for the top ranks in filmdom.

It is high time Parveen realized that working in double and triple shifts coupled with her late night sessions could prove to be hazardous to her health. She should cry halt to signing for so many films with the ambition of becoming No. 1. She has determination and confidence in her talent. If only she were to concentrate more on her career than on her extra-curricular activities super stardom would be hers for the asking.

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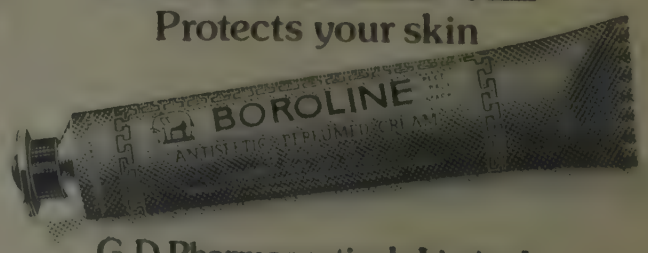

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

A. AMBUJAMMAL

A PRACTISING GANDHIAN

Off Mowbrays Road in the quiet locality of Alwarpet, and nestling among trees is the Srinivasa Gandhi Nilayam in Madras.

As you enter, the sacred tulsi plant in the yard catches your eye. In the hall, at one end is a small shrine. High on the wall, on either side of the shrine are portraits of Mahatma Gandhi and S. Srinivasa Iyengar — two men Mrs. S. Ambujammal, founder of the Nilayam, adored and revered most.

This institution was founded 30 years ago. Gandhiji had once asked Ambujammal to serve the women and children of Mother India. When the Mahatma passed away, Amma, as she is affectionately called, buried a part of his ashes in the plot next to her house, constructed a tulsi pedestal over the spot, planted a little basil seedling in it and started the Nilayam as a fitting memorial to the Father of the Nation. Amma's brother gifted the land and Amma put up the building.

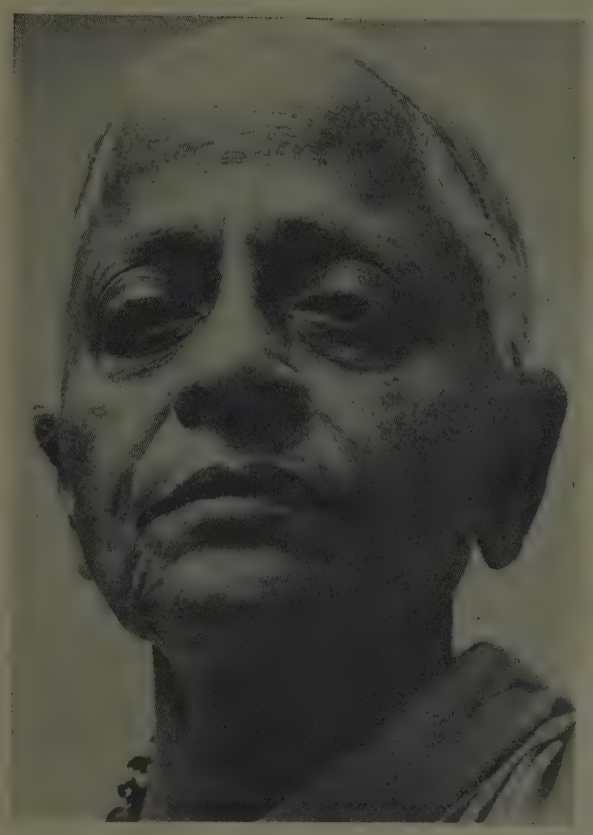
Spinning and weaving, tailoring and embroidery, shorthand and typing, nursery classes, midday meals for children, distribution of milk and vitamin tablets to undernourished women and children, health and family planning, a printing press to train and employ uneducated women — these are the activities of the Srinivasa Gandhi Nilayam.

A sprightly and enthusiastic Gandhian (now in her 80th year), Mrs. Ambujammal leads an active but unostentatious life. In the Srinivasa Gandhi Nilayam, of which she is president, she spends time daily serving God in the ignorant, the needy and the destitute.

S. Ambujammal was born on January 8, 1899 in a very illustrious family of Madras. Father S. Srinivasa Iyengar was Advocate-General to the government of Madras and a C.I.E. (Companion of the Order of Indian Empire). Called Lion of the South, Srinivasa Iyengar was the son of Sri Seshadri Iyengar, Diwan to the Raja of Ramnad. On her mother's side, Amma was the granddaughter of Sir V. Bashyam Iyengar, a judge of the Madras High Court.

Schools for girls were almost unknown in those days. So Amma had no formal schooling. But her father saw to it that she was taught English, Tamil, Hindi and Sanskrit.

Though Srinivasa Iyengar was opposed to child marriage, he had to bow down to the conservatism of



his in-laws. Ambujam was married to Sri Desikachary, B.A.B.L., of Kumbakonam when she was barely twelve. She has one son. Amma's husband passed away in '56.

When Srinivasa Iyengar joined the freedom movement in 1915, the whole family followed in his wake. Young Ambujam took to wearing khadi and threw herself in the thick of things.

Differences of opinion arose between Bapu and Srinivasa Iyengar. The latter withdrew from the political scene. His daughter carried on undaunted.

During the Swadeshi movement, Amma and her aunt were once arrested for picketing the sale of foreign cloth, but let off. When they courted arrest a second time, both had to serve a six-month sentence in the Vellore Ladies Jail.

Coming home from Vellore, Amma wished to stay sometime in the Wardha Ashram with Gandhiji. Her father was not in favour of it. Amma resorted to Gandhi's satyagraha — fasting — and overcame her father's unwillingness.

She spent three monthe in Wardha. Back in Madras, Amma started a charkha class. Looms were also put up, but had to be given up later.

In 1925, Gandhiji had stayed in Srinivasa Iyengar's house for three days. That was the time that Gandhiji gave a copy of "Mother India" by Miss Mayo to young Ambujam and asked her to work for women's education and emancipation.

At once Amma started on her social service programme.

For a beginning, Amma did the Teachers' Training Course in Sarada Vidyalaya.

Along with Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy, Amma was responsible for the abolition of the devadasi cult and bigamy. Recognition of the right of divorce for Hindu women was another cause Amma fought for.

For three years in the 30s, Amma served as a member in the Railway Passenger Amenities Committee. In '42, she was busy with the rehabilitation of refugees from Burma. Instructing slum-dwellers in the evacuees' camp what to do during an air-raid was part of her duty in '42.

1946 found Amma active in the flood-stricken areas of Madras. The same year she collected a band of devoted women and organized the Voluntary Corps — to receive Gandhiji in a fitting manner and arrange a women's meeting during his visit to the city.

From 1957 for seven years, Amma was chairman of the Madras State Social Welfare Board. Going from village to village throughout South India, Amma arranged for health and

Continued on page 54

THE DOLLS OF INDIA

Jyotsana Kapoor

The International Dolls Museum, with its eye for detail and authenticity, is a unique treasure house

The International Dolls Museum of Delhi, which displays dolls from 100 different countries, is the only one of its kind in the world. Representing the variety of costumes and customs of different countries and eras, these colourful and lifelike dolls educate as well as delight hundreds of visitors every day.

The idea for this museum was born in 1954, when Mr. Shankar, (of "Shankar's Weekly"), fell in love with a Hungarian doll offered as a prize at the International Children's Art Competition that he holds annually. He derived so much pleasure from looking at that doll that he started imagining how much more joy it would give to children to see a vast collection of such beautiful dolls. With this idea in mind, he started collecting dolls from all over the world. The collection stands at 6000 today. Most of them are gifts from various embassies.

Initially for a year, Shankar's collection was taken all over India in the form of a mobile exhibition. But this resulted in too many of them breaking. So he decided to have a permanent home for them, and the present museum came into being in 1965.

The dolls are kept in glass cases in airconditioned rooms. Many of them represent customs and feasts, while others are groups of folk dancers, or just people in their natural living conditions. The oldest doll is 200 years old and has come from a Swiss museum. It represents an elderly lady lying on a wooden bed with her old pair of bedroom slippers lying next to the bed.

A set of dolls from Japan shows the Girls' Day and the Boys' Day celebrations there. The Republic of Korea has sent dolls representing characters from an opera. A recent gift from Thailand shows a rural scene.

All the dolls are maintained in perfect condition. Once every year they are taken out for repairs. Efforts are made to keep them in the original shapes and costumes. Some of the fabrics for their costumes are even imported.

"The dolls museum provides a place for relaxation for both parents and children," says Mr. S. P. Chatterjee, general manager. "They find a common meeting ground here. The atmosphere is good, friendly and free from tension. A good rapport is usually created between parents and children in this healthy atmosphere. The children get so excited at seeing so many dolls that they run from one shelf to another, making the museum a happy place."

Attached to the museum is a Doll's Designing Centre and Workshop. Mr. Shankar now plans to project India's culture abroad through dolls. His plan is to have 1000 different dolls in different costumes. "No two dolls should be alike," he says. "I want dolls representing the dancers, tribes, brides and the common people of India. They should all differ, even in facial expression, as people do in real life. My plan is to send Indian dolls to all the museums of the world to represent India. And I want to send them to all our own states too, as even in India itself, children do not know much

Mr. Shankar's daughter, who is in charge of the workshop, says that the idea now is "to produce action dolls. We have at present a group of Bhangra dancers and a group of Naga dancers. We want to produce more such groups of dolls. We also plan to make groups of dolls representing people working in their natural environment, dressed in their regional costumes."

Mrs. Srinivasan feels there is a lot of scope for exporting these dolls if they are made properly and carefully. "We have already got some orders. However, in order to export dolls in a big way, I will need to employ a lot more people, as everything has to be done by hand, and I wouldn't like the quality to deteriorate."

Colourful dolls made with so much care and love are bound to become popular with children everywhere and help them to learn more about their fellow human beings all over the world.

about the people of other states besides their own. I want my dolls to be true likeness of the people of our various states, so that our children can learn about the culture and costumes of another state by just looking at the dolls." And the old lined face of Mr. Shankar lights up with joy as he talk about his favourite subject — children.

The workshop has already produced 100 different dolls. In producing them minutest of details are taken care of and every thing is done by hand. To bring out the exact facial expression a transparency is used. To give these dolls authenticity, special dresses are made, dyed and printed. For instance, special small sarees are ordered from Kerala for the dancers of that state. It takes a worker four days just to

make the head of a Kathakali dancer, with its intricately painted mask. A worker can only string together three necklaces a day as the work requires a lot of concentration and good eyesight. Women are especially employed to stitch gold borders on the various pieces of clothing for the dolls and to make tiny items of jewellery. There is a high rate of rejection before a sample is approved, and then produced on a mass scale.

Mrs. Shanta Srinivasan,

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DR. RAYNA GREEN

PRESERVING RED INDIAN CULTURE

"If I were to ignore my heritage I would wake up one morning, look in the mirror and see no one there," she said laughingly, but there is no belying the seriousness of this belief. Dr. Rayna Green, an eminent folklorist as well as Director of the Project of Native Americans in Science, and herself an American Indian of the Cherokee Nation, is deeply committed to maintaining the identity of the "Red" Indians while accepting the realities of modern America. Dr. Green recently made a presentation on "Traditional Cultures in a Technology based World" at the American Centre in Bombay.

The shameful treatment of the only original Americans is all too well-known. Today they face new threats of a highly disturbing nature. Paradoxically these threats arise from the vast resources of minerals and natural gases that lie beneath what little land remains their own as well as the abundance of its water and the fertile land itself. The problem the American Indians face is how to retain these resources for their own use as well as how to develop them without disrupting their ancient culture.

"We Red Indians are diverse in all respects," says Dr. Green. "There are three hundred tribes and as many languages. We differ from tribe to tribe in our physical features, religious and social customs. The one great unifying factor we have is our belief that Mother Earth is sacred and shall remain intact. Those who take from the earth without preserving or restoring what they have taken, destroy her."

The Red Indians have no political ideology apart from a firm belief in the right to self-determination. It is extremely interesting to hear from Dr. Green that Red Indians were the first to follow a truly socialist way of life, thousands of years ago. "We believe that no one thing on this earth is more important than the other, whether it is a man or a tree." This is amply supported by the lyrical words of Indian Chief Seattle, in reply to an offer from American President Franklin Pierce in 1854 to buy a large tract of Indian land — "The perfumed flowers are

our sisters, the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of a pony and man — all belong to the same family." People whom the old world took to be savages believed in a communal, shared life, justice for all, shared property in all respects.

The position of Red Indian women has always been strong, asserts Dr. Green. Many of the tribes are matriarchal in nature. As Dr. Green puts it, "No power takes place without the women." They make the laws which are refreshingly simple. For example, when a woman wants to divorce her husband she puts his saddle outside their tent and off he goes! Women play all the leadership roles. "When the whites came to negotiate with us they talked to the men, according to their custom. This was a major blunder and it took years for us to assert our rightful authority." The very idea was anathema to the highly chauvinist 17th century male. Power is transferred from mother to daughter to grand-daughter. Dr. Green herself belongs to a matriarchal society but her mother is a white American of German origin so "In my case the power comes directly to me from my grandmother. My father has none," says Dr. Green, with the ready laugh that punctuates most of her conversation.

In her lecture Dr. Green brought out that though technological change is inevitable it should be creative. There should be a collective decision-making process. People should be informed enough to be able to control technological change so that it does not disrupt their culture. This is particularly applicable in India, especially with the new political atmosphere of a return to Gandhian precepts.

For Dr. Green there has never been a conscious choice of identity between her Red Indian heritage and German origin. She admits that at one time, as a young girl, she was tempted to "throw it all away," be a young intellectual, but the very fact of being a folklorist was a recommitment to her heritage. She feels that her talents are best directed towards helping her people to be recognised once again as an important part of the United States, without whom there would be no America as we know it today.

Jeanne Prasad

VICKI VIDIIKAS

A QUEST FOR IDENTITY

She went to thirteen different schools, dropped out of the last when she was fifteen, broke away from home at that time and started her new life as a typist. She found herself unable to relate to that situation, tried her hand at proof-reading for a publishing house, assisted a vet for a while because she wanted to work directly with animals, got a room for herself in Sydney's bohemian King's Cross, where she met a painter who introduced her to the world of Yeats and Joyce. She finally settled down to writing poetry and prose.

That's Vicki Vidlikas, a young Australian who opted out of playing a typical role in a typical family set-up. In fact, Vicki fitted in with the Australian educational system's embodiment of a misfit.

For a misfit, Vicki hasn't done too badly for herself. She received money from the Australian government for the Young Writers Encouragement Award, given to under-twenty-fivers. She has had several poems published, and recently an attractive book of her prose writings entitled **Wrappings** was in the market. The Arts Council of Australia decided that Vicki merited a literary grant for a year, which enabled her to return to India (she had been to Calcutta in 1973 and wanted to come back since) to work on her novel.

The basis of Vicki's stories is the conflict between man and woman, problems they have in relating to each other, about misfits, those who do not conform to the status quo . . .

The novel Vicki has been working on is "semi-autobiographical" and centres on a woman who is on a quest for identity. Vicki wants to juxtapose Australian society with its inherent materialistic values with India's "positive and essentially spiritual" (as she sees it) values! Vicki herself has been caught between having to survive in a materialistic ethos and still maintain a spiritual identity. The book hopes to portray the heroine's ability to strike a balance between these two extremes.

"I'm saying to the Western individual: I don't find the poverty in India any worse than the alienation in our own Western society. In fact, poverty doesn't have a worsening effect on people. India hasn't lost its humanity, while the Western society is fast losing theirs. I was brought up in extreme poverty myself so it doesn't repulse me. Australians won't accept the fact that poverty exists. People said to me, you **cannot** be poor — that affected me very much.

"The quest of my central character is going to lead me to a combination of the two cultures." Hopefully, at the end of her year, Vicki will have found herself too, in India.

FRANKLY FEMININE

Long flowy styles have brought a new air of elegance to the fashion wardrobe of today. Slip into something more comfortable and glamorous — the skirts, the maxis and the midis. They are all soft, long flowy, easy shaping, clinging to the body — in styles you've always longed for — all in crepes and crepe silks. In short these are the clothes you can even reach for in the morning and feel great and comfortable all day long.

ABOVE : Shimmering off-shoulder dress
in magenta has gathers at waist
and sleeves etched with a delicate braid.

BELOW : Seductive but not revealing — elegant dress in soft 60 x 60 lemon crepe that flatters a good figure.
With huge raglan sleeves, the dress is prettily pleated with a tie-up at the front.

LEFT : For the young charmers — a striking red jumpsuit in crepe with a trellis pattern in gold braid at the front opening, sides and sides of the trousers. A midi tiered skirt in crepe silk is matched with a long sleeved shirt which is caught at wrist.

ABOVE : Simply stunning — a long skirt in black crepe silk has printed and plain tiers alternating and a black long-sleeved top gathered at waist and elbows. The white tiered midi has narrow straps at shoulder and the dress fits in snuggly giving the body a shape.

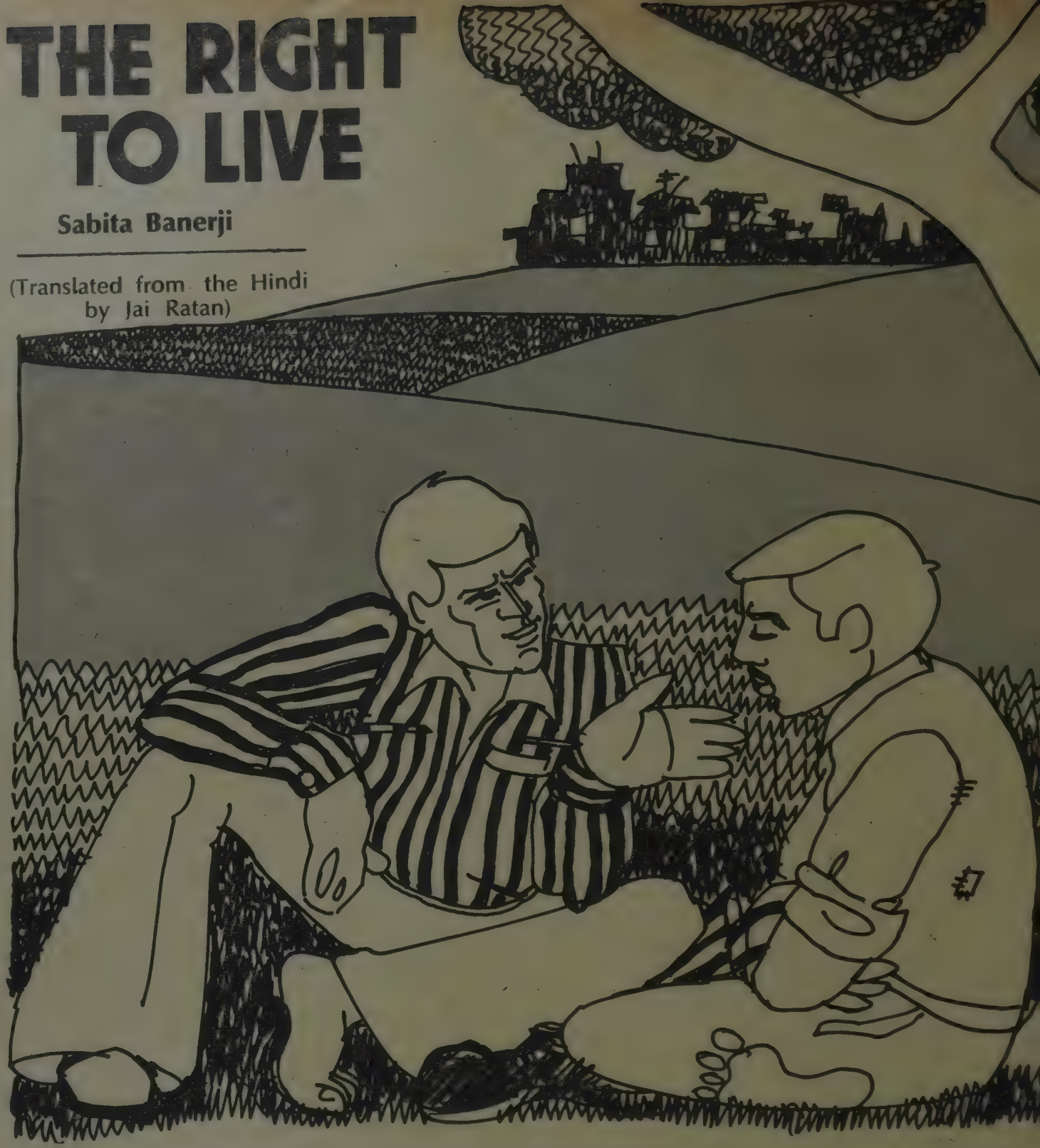
Courtesy : **Shrestha Boutique, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay.**

Photographs : Rakesh Shrestha.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Sabita Banerji

(Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan)



THERE were still three days to go before the month came to an end. Yes, full three days. And he had only six rupees in his pocket. He may yet manage to pull through. Giving a reassuring nod, he briskly climbed up the stairs.

Tomorrow would be a Sunday, he reminded himself. Instead of putting his briefcase in its proper place he flung it on the bed. Taking out a handkerchief, he wiped the perspiration from his face and neck and threw the handkerchief into the bathroom, to be washed with other clothes. Then he took off his under-vest, limp with perspiration, filling the room with its stench.

He looked around. Where was mother? Had she gone out? He went into the next room and found her lying in bed, her face covered with a bedsheet. Meenu, his younger sister, was sitting by her side.

"Mother, are you unwell?" he asked.

"Yes, I seem to have got fever."

"How did you get fever?" And he immediately cursed himself for having asked such a silly question. Were there any special ways of bringing on a fever? She was all right in the morning and had prepared his breakfast as on other days.

It set him thinking. It would be three days before the month ended and here he was — left to brave it out with one more predicament! His hand went into his trouser pocket and he felt the thin wad of notes held together by a rubber band. It was just the onset of fever, he told himself. Two tablets of aspirin may yet drive off her fever and bodyache.

He was about to enter the bathroom when he heard someone knocking on the door downstairs. Ghanshyam hurried down to open the door. Then he heard a familiar voice. It was his elder sister. But what had brought her here so late in the afternoon? Had she also brought the children along? Instead of going into the bathroom he proceeded towards mother's room. "Sister has come," he said in a colourless voice.

"Yes, I had asked Meenu to phone her up and tell her that I have fever."

Mother's remark angered him. Muttering to himself he went into the bathroom and banged the door shut. He had counted the three days many a time since morning. Then he realized

He was a plain clerk, a quill driver, and life was from payday to payday. In between he counted the days and his dwindling finances

that he shouldn't have got into a huff over it. Maybe he was destined to count the days all his life — particularly, the last days of the month which would keep chasing him like a nightmare. But what business had mother to phone up Didi, anyway? Surely, her fever wouldn't have lasted for more than a day or two. Now Didi would insist on getting medicines for mother and even call the doctor. Why did mother forget that it was the end of the month? And she shouldn't have forgotten either that he had paid the arrears of Meenu's school fees only that month. On top of that there had been two marriages of some distant relatives and he had had to shell out one hundred rupees on presents. Her breadwinning son, she must know, was not holding a big job; he was only a poor clerk. Besides, who didn't get fever these days?

Meenu called from outside. "Dada, tea is ready. Hurry up!"

Yes, they knew how to do it! Give Dada tea and keep him in good humour; otherwise, the family may go off the rails. Bed tea in the morning and again tea and snacks when he returned from office. It was tea that did the trick; it put him on an even keel. It also helped him to count the days as the month drew to a close. The eyes of the people in the house shone as the first of the month arrived. On that day Dada felt as if he was on top of the world They cooked a sumptuous meal. Eat, gorge yourself with food. Look at Dada. He feels as if he's a raja. Dada indeed! Doesn't he know? He was their Dada and 'my son' and 'my pet' only when they had to extract some advantage out of him! Otherwise, he was a plain clerk, a quill driver.

He came out of the bathroom cursing his fate, and sat down on the edge of the charpoy. When

he learnt that Anil had also come with Didi he held his head between his hands. He knew what was coming and must fortify himself against the inevitable recital . . . "Uncle, let's go out for a walk. Uncle, I want that toy! Uncle, I must have a pocketful of toffees!" Oh God! Uncle be blown! Does he think that uncle holds the key to a treasury? ". . . I want this. I want that."

He was still drinking tea when Meenu confronted him with the shopping bag.

"Please get some vegetables and see to it that they are fresh," she said. Fresh vegetables indeed! But why was he forgetting? They had a guest in the house — Didi, who had come from her in-laws on a visit.

He started drinking his tea.

"And don't forget medicines for mother." He saw Didi coming.

"Oh!"

"She has 102 temperature. And look, I've brought **sandesh** for you. Wait, I'll get it for you in a minute before you finish your tea. You must take care of your health. You look so thin. You must drink milk in the morning. Mother was telling me . . ."

". . . that Meenu is weak in English and requires a private tutor." Is that what mother was telling Didi?

He must go. If he stayed in the house a moment longer the sky may crash on his head. Save your head! Run!

"Have you finished?" Didi asked. "But why have you left this piece of **sandesh**?"

He hurriedly put on his shirt and ran down the stairs. As he came out he heaved a sigh and then as if he had suddenly remembered something he made for the chemist's shop. For a moment he hesitated outside the shop. Shouldn't he first consult a doctor lest his mother's condition deteriorated? He felt the thin wad of one-rupee notes in his pocket. He stepped into the chemist's shop and bought four tablets of aspirin.

He stood outside his house, hesitating to rattle the chain fastener against the door. Its sound always jarred on his ears. Many a time he had thought of fixing up a door-bell on the first of the month as soon as he got his salary. But many firsts of the month had passed and still there was no bell on his door. He again rattled the chain but no one seemed to have heard him. Then he found that the door was not fastened from inside. Pushing it open, he slowly climbed the stairs.

He remembered that when he secured first position in his high school examination he had excitedly rushed up, climbing those same stairs, and touched his father's feet. Overwhelmed, his father had hugged him and said, "May God keep you climbing the stairs of success in the same manner!" His father died after three years, but he was still busy climbing the stairs to success.

He gave his mother an aspirin and then coming back to his room, lay down on his charpoy. He was feeling very tired. Didi was with mother. It occurred to him that tomorrow being a Sunday, if he stayed at home he would have to put up with many unforseen expenses. He decided that he would give his sister some money to fend for herself during the day and then stay away from home, returning late at night. He would spend the time walking the roads and seeing a bit of the city.

Before going to bed, he gave four rupees to Meenu which should suffice for fish and vegetables. But how far would four rupees go in such times of dearness? He felt bad about it. What would Didi think? But he wouldn't be at home nor eat with them. And then nothing was hidden from Didi; she knew in what straitened circumstances they lived. But he could not get over his ire. He wondered whom to blame for his misery — his own family, the country, or himself. No one seemed to understand him.

He had to drudge for the five hundred rupees that he earned at the end of the month. His colleagues at the office were none too happy with him. They complained that he had set a bad precedent by working so hard at the office. But he was helpless. He could not afford to lose his job for that would have meant starvation. He had no money in the bank nor friends to fall back upon. As for relatives, they were the first to jilt you when you fell on bad times.

As planned, he left the house early in the morning. The road was deserted. Then he saw a bus coming and got in. It was a Howrah bus. He decided that he would get down at Esplanade and spend some time walking about, seeing the city getting into a Sunday mood. He got a seat in the bus. It was a good augury and it made him happy. For twenty days in a month, he had to go to the office, strap-hanging. Then he realized that he should have bought a newspaper. It was not too late. He would buy one as he got down from the bus. He had not travelled far when he felt like having a cup of tea. If he had stayed at home he would have been enjoying his Sunday morning cup at this time. The thought of home gave him a jolt and he looked out of the window to divert his mind. There were all sorts of slogans painted over the walls. Every political party had stridently come out with its own slogan, spelling out its panacea for the ills of the country. That reminded him of his sick mother. What if her condition deteriorated? But where was the money for her treatment, anyway?

The bus slowed down and then started crawling at a snail's pace. He leaned out of the window and looked ahead. There was a traffic jam. A procession had blocked their way. They were shouting slogans: "We won't stand tyranny! Down, down, with tyranny!" He looked at his watch. It was going on to be seven. It was too early for processions. But one never knew, particularly in a big city like Calcutta.

Getting down at Esplanade and looking for a newspaper, a wayside tea-stall caught his attention. He stopped and asked for a small earthen cup of tea. He had hardly put the cup to his lips when he saw his office colleague, Sinha, coming in his direction. Oh hell, to barge into Sinha, of all persons! And that too on a Sunday! Sinha had spotted him from a distance and now there was no way of escaping him. As he came nearer, he gave him a knowing look and smiled.

"What are you doing here, yar?" Sinha said.

"I've come out for a stroll."

"For a stroll?" Sinha looked at him in disbelief.

"Yes, why not! And what are you doing here?"

"I came to join the procession but changed my mind at the last minute. It would have spoiled my Sunday."

"Don't you have faith in processions?"

"Oh, what a thing to say! Do you think I'm an opportunist like you?"

He fell silent and then said after a pause, "Care to have tea?"

"I don't mind."

He asked for another cup of tea and handed it to Sinha. Sinha often used to ask him when he was going to get the next raise in his salary. "You work so hard," he would say. "If there's anyone who deserves it, its you!" He could not miss the note of banter in Sinha's voice. He knew Sinha would come to it again soon enough and he wished he could somehow shake him off.

"Have you heard it?" Sinha looked at him from over the brim of his cup. "Sharma has been suspended, you know! They suspected that he had been instigating the peons in the office."

"No, I didn't know," he shrugged his shoulders, pretend-

Continued on page 49

For Mother's Pet :

Hi Brow

SHIRTS & SHORTS
& a whole range of
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NEW LORD

in a man's world of fashion

58 Wodehouse Road, Colaba, Bombay

and

Charish Bar

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Farokh Reporter

CONVERSATION PIECES

Pramila Lal

Appetizing hors d'oeuvre are very popular these days for informal entertaining. Served at a table, a good hors d'oeuvre makes a pleasant start to a meal. Serve a mixed hors d'oeuvre with a variety of ingredients if the meal is light and straightforward and light hors d'oeuvre if followed by a substantial full-course meal.

DEVILLED SARDINE EGGS

6 eggs (soft boiled and peeled)
20 grams butter
½ tsp. English mustard
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper
1 tin sardines
Rounds or squares of bread or toast

Remove hard bone from sardines and wash well. Spread over pieces of bread. Put butter, mustard and ... in the chafing dish and mix well. When it simmers, add the peeled eggs and seasoning, using a potato masher or fork to break them, and mix them well with the mixture — when just at the point of setting spoon out on bread.

ROLLED STUFFED HAM

8 slices of ham
2 tbsps. mayonnaise
3 spring onions, finely chopped
1 green chilli, finely chopped
2 tbsps.e celery, finely chopped

4 eggs boiled
4-5 olives, chopped

Chop the eggs and mix gently with the chopped ingredients and mayonnaise. Put a spoonful of the filling mixture on one side of a slice of ham and roll up. Secure with toothpicks. Garnish with spring onions and red radish flowers.

STUFFED EGGS

6 eggs (or more)
2 tbsps. ham, chopped
Worcestershire sauce
Sprinkle of chilli sauce
2-3 tbsps. mayonnaise
Parsley

Hard boil the eggs, peel and halve them lengthwise. Remove the yolks in a bowl, mash well with a folk and mix in the ham, Worcestershire sauce, chilli sauce and enough mayonnaise to make the mixture moist. Season to taste. Fill the egg centres with this mixture through a forcing bag or by spoonfils. Garnish each with a sprig of parsley.

CHICKEN LIVER LOAF

500 grams chicken livers
A pinch of chilli powder
1 onion, chopped fine
6 tbsps. soft butter
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
3 egg yolks, well beaten
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
1 green chilli

Grind the chicken livers in a meat grinder or blend them in an electric blender. Add the dry breadcrumbs, butter, chopped onions, coriander leaves, chilli and the well beaten egg yolks. Mix ottgether and when thoroughly blended, add 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold in gently and pour the mixture into a greased loaf pan. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a oven for 41 minutes, or until set. Serve sliced hot or cold.

TOMATO MAHASHAS

1 kg small red tomatoes
250 grams rice
1 stick cinnamon
2 onions
250 grams peas
½ coconut, grated
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. chilli powder
4 cardamoms
4 cloves
Coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste
Ghee

Slice off the tops of carefully chosen tomatoes and scoop out the inside pulp without damaging the shells.

Clean and wash rice. Slice onions. Heat 1 tbsps. of ghee and fry cloves, cardamoms and cinnamon and add onions. Fry until tender. Add turmeric, chilli powder, rice and peas. Add enough water and salt. Cook as for pullao. When ready, remove from fire and cool.

Stuff the tomatoes with this pullao and cover with sliced off tops with the help of toothpicks. Brush with a little fat and bake in a medium oven for 15 minutes. Arrange on a flat platter and sprinkle with coriander leaves and coconut.

FRIED PRAWNS

2 kg prawns
2 egg whites
¼ kg groundnut oil
1½ cups flour
2 tsp. salt
1 cup water
Sliced spring onions

Clean the prawns and put it in the strainer for it to dry, and add salt to it. Leave it for 10 minutes. Beat the egg whites till smooth, mixing flour in it. Then gradually add water into the mixture and mix into a smooth batter (not too thick).

Heat the oil, dip each prawn in batter and fry till golden brown. Decorate with sliced spring onions.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

1 — HINDI

With repeated requests from readers we now give you every fortnightly equivalent terms in different languages to clip and keep for your record.

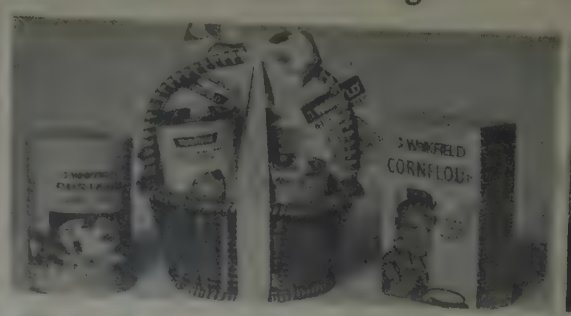
VEGETABLES

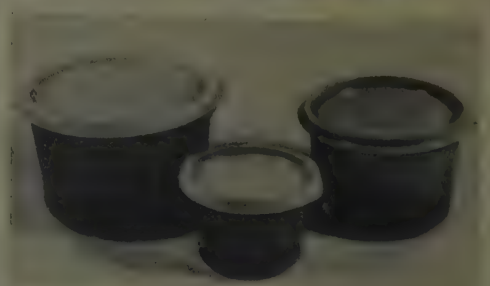
Cabbage	Bandh Gobi
Drumstick	Sajjan ki phalli
French beans	Pharsee
Beetroot	Chukandar
Carrot	Gajjar
Celery	Ajwain ka patta
Coriander leaves	Hara dhania
Fresh mint	Hara Poodina
Fenugreek leaves	Methi ka patta
Beans	Sem
Brinjal	Baigan
Bitter gourd	Karela
Capsicum	Bare mirch or Simla mirch
Cauliflower	Phool gobi
Colocasia leaves	Arvi ka patta
Cucumber	Kakari
Onions	Pyaz
Radish	Mooli
Snake gourd	Padwal
Ladies Finger	Bhindi
Green peas	Matar
Potatoes	Aloo
Mushrooms	Kukar mootte
Ridge gourd	Torai
Spinach	Palak
Yam	Suran
Turnip	Shalgam
Pumpkin	Kaddu
Spring onion	Hari pyaz
Tomato	Tamatar
White gourd	Tinda
Ash Pumpkin	Petha or Bhopla
Cluster beans	Gawar phalli

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50 cash prize,

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh Container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn flour, 3) A 1000 ml pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED and 4) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.





So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Latha Rajaraman, Madras.

DRINKING DELIGHT

50 grams cashewnuts
200 grams carrots
4 cups milk
2 cups sugar
3 or 4 cardamoms
A pinch of saffron

Soak the cashewnuts in hot water for half an hour. Boil the carrots well. Grind the carrot and cashewnuts together. Do not add water while grinding but sprinkle milk to make it into a fine paste. Add the milk and keep on a low fire. Stir well. Add the sugar and when the sugar dissolves remove it from fire. Add saffron and powdered cardamom. Finely chopped cherries can be added to add to the taste.

Pinki Gupta, Jullunder.

CARROT-KOFTAS

½ kg carrots
1 tsp. red chilli powder
A few sprigs coriander leaves, chopped
6 green chillis
4 tsps. Bengal gram, powdered
2" piece ginger
4 tomatoes
1 onion
1 tsp. cummin seed
1 tsp. turmeric
2 cloves
1 tsp. dry coriander seeds
3 cassia leaves
Salt to taste
Ghee for frying

Grate and boil the carrots. Squeeze till dry. Form into a paste with the addition of salt, half red-chilli powder, dry coriander and Bengal gram. Make small but round pieces of this paste and deep fry. Keep aside. Grind ginger, onion, green chillis and tomatoes. Add salt, remaining half red-chilli powder and turmeric. Saute in a pan with two spoonfuls of ghee for five minutes. Put cummin seeds, cloves, cassia leaves and again fry for about 2 minutes. Add little water to form gravy. Mix the koftas in this gravy and heat for about four minutes. Sprinkle coriander leaves.

Shireen Cochinwala, Cochin.

TOMATO CUTLETS

¾ kg tomatoes
½ kg onions
200 grams butter biscuits
2 tsps. cummin seeds
6 eggs
1 bunch coriander leaves
10 to 12 green chillis, ground
Salt and oil for frying

Chop the onions finely. Fry in oil till golden brown. Blanch and cut tomatoes finely and add to the fried onions. Cook for some more time. Then add powdered biscuits and ground chillis and salt. Cook till the mixture thickens. Cool. Add the chopped coriander leaves. Make cutlets, roll in powdered biscuits, dip in beaten eggs and fry in oil till golden brown.

WEEKLY WINNER

GANGA MURTHY, Indore.

Mrs. Murthy wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh containers from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

SANKRANTHI SAKKARE ACHU

1 kg white sugar
1 cup milk
1 tbsp. curds
Wooden moulds in-two-halves (soaked in water overnight)

In a thick-bottom vessel dissolve sugar in 2 cups of water on slow heat. Add ½ cup of milk and ½ tbsp. of curds. Let this boil for 5 to 10 minutes. When the milk curdles, remove from heat and strain the syrup. Once again put the syrup into another thick-bottom vessel and allow it to boil. Add the remaining ½ cup milk and ½ tbsp. curds. Once again strain the syrup when the milk curdles. Put the syrup on heat and go on stirring with a ladle. Keep stirring till it becomes thick. Remove from fire and stir briskly. Fill up the wooden moulds with this syrup. Allow the syrup to solidify. Using a small knife open the two halves of the moulds. After 10 minutes remove the sugar moulds slowly and keep on a tray to dry. The sugar moulds are ready to use.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

Commencing from January 1979, all cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subject specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

February, 1979 —
PANEER DISHES

March, 1979 —
STUFFED VEGETABLES

April, 1979 —
BAKED PUDDINGS

All entries for February should reach us latest by January 10. Entries for the later months should reach us in the following manner :

March entries by February 10, and April entries by March 10.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

EMILY! YOU'RE DRIVING LIKE A MANIAC!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT TO GET HOME TO FIX HERBERT'S DINNER!
HE'S A REGULAR BEAR IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS DINNER ON TIME!
GET OUT OF MY WAY!
OH, DEAR!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET HOME TO FIX YOUR DINNER I FORGOT TO BUY ANYTHING TO FIX!
10-9
TELL THE CHEF TO HURRY - MY HUSBAND LIKES HIS DINNER ON TIME!
MENU
MENU
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

This week, besides giving you New Year greetings, I parade before you some of my favourite one-liners . . .

* * *

An optimist is a girl who mistakes a bulge for a curve.

He used statistics as a drunken man uses lampposts—for support rather than for illumination.

* * *

The first thing she does in the morning is to brush her teeth and sharpen her tongue.

Birth is only an escape from solitary confinement.

* * *

An elevator man is one who has his ups and downs, like the chap who chooses the aisle seat at the movies.

You can't convince the railways that less fare would be more fair.

Young men want to be faithful and cannot. Old men want to be faithless and cannot.

* * *

Familiarity breeds contempt —and children.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

* * *

The girl with a future avoids a man with a past.

Many a girl is the picture of her father and a talkie of her mother.

* * *

A gold digger is a girl who has the gift of the grab.

Many a hiccough is a message from departed spirits.

* * *

Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

A lady is one who never shows her underwear unintentionally.

You can't rise with the lark if you've been on one the night before.

* * *

An artist's model is a girl who doesn't always feel in the nude for work.

Be moderate in all things, including moderation.

* * *

A miserable woman is one who has no troubles to speak of.

The mirror is where you find your best friend.

A pedestrian is a case of the survival of the fittest.

* * *

It takes a lot of horse sense to maintain a stable government.

Get a gossip wound up and she will run somebody down.

* * *

The only time some women listen is when money talks.

A narrow minded man is one who can look through a keyhole with both eyes.

* * *

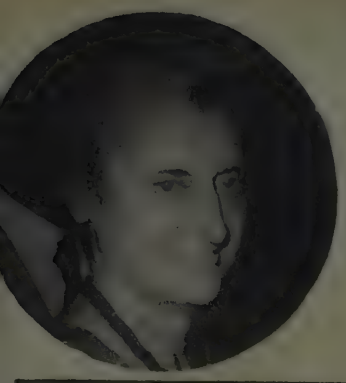
A stripper is the only girl who feels overdressed in a bathing suit.

Peace is what we're all fighting for.

* * *

Before marriage, a woman waits up hours for her sweetheart to go home; after marriage, she waits up hours for him to come home.

Compiled by George Fegradoe



WELCOME OR NOT... "she'll be back"

BANGALORE

"It'll take time, but she'll come back. Not as a dictator but as a democrat," says one. "Elections will definitely be out if she comes," says another.

INDUMATI KIRLOSKAR

Indumati Kirloskar feels that to a certain extent women have been responsible in aiding Mrs. Gandhi's comeback to power, especially the poorer women of South India. Mrs. Kirloskar is the wife of industrialist Ravi Kirloskar. She feels that "educated women wouldn't vote for her after all this. But the poor women do not know anybody else. In fact, they call her their 'amma'. Don't get me wrong. I am not biased against the woman. In fact, I did admire some of her policies. Even the Emergency had its plus points, in the sense that there were no strikes during that period and prices were controlled. It's the methods she resorted to in implementing her ideas and policies that I question.

Indutai, as Mrs. Kirloskar is known within her circle, seems pessimistic about the state of affairs that would prevail if Mrs. Gandhi returned. "Elections will definitely be out. She has made one mistake which she probably regrets. She will take care not to repeat it."

USHA RAMAKRISHNAN

Usha Ramakrishnan, a lecturer in the Mt. Carmel College, sees the situation differently. "If women are responsible for Mrs. Gandhi's return it's because they identify themselves with her." Usha is a confirmed feminist, and of the opinion that most Indian women who vote for Mrs. Gandhi do so because they find themselves liberated through her. "I, for my part, have definitely been influenced in her favour because she's a woman. In addition, she's got dignity, she's a fabulous speaker and a marvellous fighter. And most important, she is no fool!"

"What about Sanjay Gandhi?" I asked. "Surely you can't forgive her that?"

Eyes flashing, Usha said, "You can forgive her that. Sanjay Gandhi is capable of answering for himself. Why blame his mother for the atrocities he committed?" Usha maintains that she has supreme faith in the woman. "What she does, she does wisely. Even the Emergency, you must admit, was a wise, though desperate, effort to salvage a deteriorating situation.

"She'll come back, you'll see. It'll take time, but she'll come. And not as a dictator, as most predict, but as a democrat."

NALINI GULVADI

Nalini Gulvadi, a middle-class housewife, feels, "It's not necessarily the female vote that has brought her back. It is the illiterate majority of India — that section of the population that either worships her as protector or can be easily bribed.

"I'm not prejudiced; I admire her guts. I thought her stand on Bangladesh during the crisis there was commendable. Before the Emergency she was what a democratic Prime Minister should be. The Emergency was her major mistake, a stark example of the same admirable guts and enthusiasm improperly channelled. And once one gets that taste of absolute power it is probably very difficult to look back."

"What about Sanjay Gandhi?"

"I don't blame her for his misdeeds. Sanjay was probably under the mistaken impression that as the PM's son he enjoyed special privileges and could get away with anything."

"Do you think Mrs. Gandhi will come back as Prime Minister?"

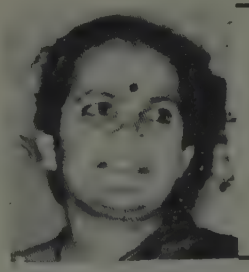
"I'm afraid she may. Unless the Janata Party members stand shoulder to shoulder and forget their petty personal differences, there's no hope. It's quite disheartening, really. She's probably having a hearty laugh over the pathetic situation at the Centre."

ARUNA RAMACHANDRA

Aruna Ramachandra, a student of psychology at Mt. Carmel College, says, "It's the female and the male electorate of the middle and the lower classes that's responsible and it is largely due to this 'mother-image' that is etched out in their minds. I'm no registered voter but, if you ask me, her being a woman is definitely a point in her favour. Mrs. Gandhi is a woman who, by her actions, has shown herself as capable as any man.

Like Usha Ramakrishnan, Aruna is optimistic about Mrs. Gandhi's return, but unlike her she admits to Mrs. Gandhi's being an autocrat.

"We need her because she's ruthless and a dictator. Haven't we Indians already proved how feasible democracy is in our country?"



LALITHA RAO

Lalitha Rao is the wife of a truck-driver. To supplement his income she works as a domestic help. For a woman of her level of literacy (she has passed the third standard in the vernacular) she expressed surprisingly mature thoughts. "The upper class woman can afford to experiment and speculate as to what will happen if she comes back. But what about women like me? My world does not extend beyond the maintenance of my family and hut. A slight rise in prices, and the budget goes haywire. Ever since the Janata party has taken over, prices have been kept under control.

"I don't understand these things so deeply as to tell you much. I can only hope that she doesn't come back."

Ameeta Kelekar

WELCOME OR NOT...

TRIVANDRUM

"To denounce her because of certain irregularities . . . would be an act of cruelty and vindictiveness."

C. PILLAI

"That Mrs. Gandhi was set on the road back to power by the female electorate," says **Mrs. C. Pillai,** a retired principal, "is not quite accurate. But it is true that she won the by-election at Chikmagalur largely with the help of the female voters. As Prime Minister she was admired and appreciated for her courage and daring decisions. The deliverance of Bangladesh from Pakistan alone stands out as a monument to her foreign policy. The nationalization of banks revealed her far-seeing nature."

However, Mrs. Gandhi's highhanded methods confused and finally split the Congress twice. "The interference with the judiciary in order to secure her place and many such instances as came out in the repoit of the Shah Commission show how hollow was her rule. It was like a 'good apple rotten to the core'. If her rule had been just and sympathetic to all alike there would not have been the need to declare Emergency. The Emergency was supposed to lift the country out of chaos. In the South the emergency was a success — it was a boon to the people. All offices, educational institutions and government organizations worked 'tip-top' and strikes and jathas were forgotten. But what we learnt later about the condition in the North was shocking," Mrs. Pillai adds.

"Mrs. Gandhi could have got the support of all women of India — educationists, lawyers, doctors, social workers, politicians, etc. — if she had showed sympathy towards them. Instead, during the Emergency tney were badly treated, imprisoned in the most miserable way. If there is another election the support of these women will be wanting. Those at the helm now could have punished her but somehow they have not done anything about it."

Mrs. Pillai feels that if Mrs. Gandhi becomes Prime Minister again, her rule is likely to be authoritative unless she has learnt a lesson from past experience.

"All her trouble was due to her being a very indulgent mother. If she had controlled her son early, she would have still been in power."

About Sanjay Gandhi, Mrs. Pillai said, "The mother gave him all chances to become an industrialist but he behaved in a heartless manner towards the poor and even tried to grasp power from his mother. It is too late for him to turn over a new leaf. If the mother can keep him off politics, she will have a successful comeback. But it is not likely that she will have power enough to change him or keep him out of politics."

NAFEESATH BEEVI

Mrs. Gandhi is the pivot around which Indian politics revolves. In Parliament and out of it she is the theme of talk everywhere, says **Nafeesath Beevi.**

In India the majority of voters are women, and they are almost unanimously in favour of Mrs. Gandhi. However, it is foolish to believe that she can come back or be brought back to power by female voters only, she feels.

"For the majority of women Mrs. Gandhi is almost a deity; they respect and adore her. However, her appeal is not restricted to women alone. The minorities, the Harijans, the downtrodden as a whole look upon her as their saviour. In her I find the heart of Napolean, the patriotism of Jhansi Ki Rani and the diplomacy of Queen Victoria. I believe that she alone can save the country from the present crisis.

"She never wanted Sanjay to enter politics. It was Mr. Borooah, former Congress President, who dragged Sanjay into it. Many other leading Congressmen used him as a tool to achieve their selfish ends. This brought disrepute to Mrs. Gandhi's high ideal of meting out even-handed justice to every citizen," says Nafeesath Beevi.

She pointed out that "Mr. Morarji Desai and his son Kanti have proved no different. Though specific charges of corruption have been made against Kanti by Janata leaders such as Charan Singh and Madhu Limaye, the Prime Minister continues to defend him in Parliament."

"I have great respect for Mrs. Gandhi," adds Nafeesath Beevi, "not because she is a woman but because she is an efficient, strong and courageous administrator. She gave the country a stable government, and there was many-sided progress and prosperity during her rule.

"I am confident that she will come back as Prime Minister and give the country a fully democratic government, and heal the wounds caused by the Emergency rule," she said.

"People are disappointed with the Janata rule. It has been a liability rather than an asset," Nafeesath Beevi concluded. "Every effort is being made to tarnish the image of Mrs. Gandhi and to set at nought the political, economic and diplomatic achievements of Mrs. Gandhi's government. Now the people are waiting for a chance to wreak vengeance on the Janata which betrayed them by not fulfilling the promises made in their election manifesto."

SIVARAMU PILLAI

Mrs. Gandhi is firmly on the road back to power is the opinion of **Mrs. Sivaramu Pillai,** a housewife. "Not just women but men as well and the poor and the downtrodden as a whole whole-heartedly supported her. The majority of women who aspire for emancipation and who want to see a peaceful society in which women are respected strongly hope that Mrs. Gandhi will once again come to power to save the country from the misrule of the Janata Party. Mrs. Gandhi has proved herself a better administrator than any other politician in the country," says Mrs. Pillai.

Mrs. Gandhi's affection for her erring son has brought about her downfall. She feels it and she has made it public that Sanjay won't be in politics any more, Mrs. Pillai pointed out.

Most of the so-called revelations of the various commissions are either inventions or exaggerations concocted to vilify Mrs. Gandhi, asserts Mrs. Pillai. "People should remember the unlawful activities indulged in by her enemies to destroy her reputation and the unrest which was spread among labourers before the Emergency, and how the Emergency put an end to such activities whose sole aim was to remove Mrs. Gandhi from the Prime Minister's seat.

"The whole of South India had peace and prosperity when Mrs. Gandhi was Prime Minister. To denounce her because of certain irregularities and maybe criminal actions committed by some of her associates, including Sanjay, would be an act of cruelty and vindictiveness."

The judiciary is strong enough, feels Mrs. Pillai, to deal with the actions of these individuals. To heap abuses for all the excesses on Mrs. Gandhi alone is quite unjust. Mrs. Gandhi may come back as Prime Minister again, but the functioning of her government would be far better since she has learned the consequences of ignoring or covering up the unlawful activities of her associates, including Sanjay, says Mrs. Pillai.

"Sanjay is only one among the millions of citizens of India. Why give him so much importance and keep asking 'What about Sanjay?' He will be forced to be a law-abiding citizen and will reap the consequences whenever he misbehaves," Mrs. Pillai asserts.

Padma Surendran

"she'll be back"

MADRAS

"Aren't the present leaders guilty of perpetrating the same offences they had condemned in Mrs. Gandhi?"

SAVITHRI SHREENIVAS

Savithri Shreenivas is a doctor in her late twenties and is fairly well-to-do. She felt that Mrs. Gandhi's comeback is being helped by the female electorate. "Mrs. Gandhi has a woman-to-woman appeal," said Savithri. She added, however, that the majority of poor women who came to her clinic in the crowded Triplicane area hadn't even heard of Indira Gandhi!

"Indira Gandhi is a political figure; she tried not to let her womanly feelings influence her. But she failed miserably." Savithri explained this by saying that Mrs. Gandhi's "unpardonable error" was introducing Sanjay Gandhi into politics and he ultimately led to his mother's downfall. Indira Gandhi's natural feelings definitely blinded her to her son's faults. "He was her Achilles' heel. Even now she says that her son is not wrong. How long can we swallow that story?" she demanded.

Savithri said she couldn't support Mrs. Gandhi just because she is a fellow woman and sympathize with her on those grounds. "There can be no excuse if a person is wrong. It is especially unforgivable in a P.M." Educated women, she observed, were able to judge dispassionately the sincerity of the findings of the Shah Commission and "figure out who the guilty were."

Summing up, Savithri felt that the chances of Mrs. Gandhi returning as P.M. depended on the strength of the opposing party and the mood of the electorate in the North ("You can never tell"). However, she thought that past mistakes would make Mrs. Gandhi wiser — she wouldn't hold elections again, nor would she let Sanjay interfere.

R. SARADHA

Sixty-two-year-old **R. Saradha** is an invalid. Books and magazines are her best companions. She agreed that women were mainly responsible for Mrs. Gandhi's comeback. "I consider her to be the best P.M. we've had," R. Saradha observed. "Don't think I'm saying this merely because she is a woman. Mrs. Gandhi possesses outstanding qualities which we women admire. And, if a male leader too happened to have her astuteness as an administrator, I would admire him."

R. Saradha admitted that Mrs. Gandhi's feelings as a mother had allowed Sanjay Gandhi to assume unlimited powers. The same feelings now prompted her to defend her son.

"That was Mrs. Gandhi's greatest mistake. But tell me," she countered, "which parent wouldn't do the same?"

She remarked that the findings of the various commissions were just excuses to prosecute Mrs. Gandhi. "I think that she was fully justified in imposing the emergency — there was and still is much indiscipline in the land. We need a strong leader like her at the top. She is not guilty of the excesses committed in her name. Aren't the present leaders guilty of perpetrating some of the offences they had condemned in Mrs. Gandhi?"

I asked R. Saradha if she felt that Mrs. Gandhi would return as P.M. She replied that such a thing would never happen. "Mrs. Gandhi seems to have become very unpopular in the North. But IF she does return, I'm confident she's be fair-minded enough to hold elections. Though she should firmly exclude her son from her future political life," she concluded.

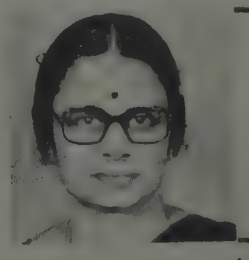
T. SARASWATHI

T. Saraswathi, 38, belongs to the lower-middle class and is a housekeeper-cum-ayah. She too told me that women were responsible for Mrs. Gandhi's comeback. "I trust in Indiramma. She has done much for us. She is a woman like me and I think of her as my ideal."

Saraswathi, however, thought that Mrs. Gandhi regarded herself first as P.M. and then as a woman. She was confident that Mrs. Gandhi would be sympathetic to women.

Was she aware of the wrongs done by Sanjay Gandhi? Saraswathi said that Mrs. Gandhi had failed in her duty as a mother to check her son's extreme actions.

Saraswathi stated that she was not influenced in favour of Mrs. Gandhi because she was a woman. ("She is a leader.") Nor did Saraswathi think much of the findings of the various commissions. ("Tell me, who is perfect?") She held that Indiramma herself had done no wrong — others had misled her. Saraswathi fervently hoped that Indiramma would come back as P.M. and believed that she would hold elections again. ("It is the rule," she insisted.) Though this time, she would not permit Sanjay Gandhi to play with politics.



SUNDARI MAITREYAN

Forty-two-year-old **Mrs. Sundari Maitreyan,** housewife, runs a popular circulating library in a residential area. She is well-educated and comes from the upper-middle class. She said it was only partly true that female support has enabled Mrs. Gandhi to return. "At present, people feel she will be a powerful opposition leader to be reckoned with."

Mrs. Maitreyan was not influenced by the fact that both she and Mrs. Gandhi are women. She admired Mrs. Gandhi's courage and decisiveness when handling problems during her tenure as P.M. But she didn't think that the P.M. would rule as a woman. Nor did she approve of Mrs. Gandhi's actions regarding Sanjay Gandhi. "I am a mother too. But I tick off my sons when they are wrong."

She did support Mrs. Gandhi for her qualities as an outstanding leader and administrator. But Mrs. Maitreyan thought that "Mrs. Gandhi should have ruled in a democratic manner, without building up a dictatorial attitude."

Would Mrs. Gandhi come back as P.M.? Mrs. Maitreyan declared that this depended on the disunity of the present government and its inaction in implementing its promises to the common man.

CHARUBALA

Charubala, 18, is a second-year college student. When I asked her if she thought that female support accounted for Mrs. Gandhi's comeback, she disagreed saying that **both** men and women were responsible. Many men were also fed up of the present government's poor showing.

Mrs. Gandhi had acted instinctively and now protected her son even though he has been proved to have done wrong. Charubala supported some aspects of Mrs. Gandhi's policies. She expected Mrs. Gandhi to act responsibly like a good leader.

Yes, she did think that there was a chance of Mrs. Gandhi coming back as P.M., and when the time come Mrs. Gandhi would hold an election. Charubala had no comments to make regarding Sanjay Gandhi.

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I WISHED MY WIFE DEATH

It is midnight. I am on night shift in the factory. But I worry. Not about the work. I worry about the home and how Achala is managing with the baby.

Achala is my daughter, barely twelve years old. But she has had to assume tremendous responsibilities at an age when girls should be carefree and laughing. You see she took over charge of the entire household because my wife Vina had a mental breakdown from which she has never recovered.

It happened twelve years ago, one cold winter day in Almora. We had gone there to my in-laws' house, because Vina was expecting her first child. Her mother wanted it. I had no parents and Vina's mother felt there ought to be some elderly woman in the house to be a moral and psychical support when the baby came. I was against it. I thought it was senseless to go away from Delhi where the best medical facilities were available in case of an emergency.

I didn't want to send her alone. I took leave and accompanied her. Her father had his own house and was leading the life of a retired government official. Though he had retired, he still had young children to educate and settle, no doubt a consequence of improper planning.

Today I delude myself that it would have happened even if Achala had been born in Delhi as I had planned. But sometimes in a brooding spell I relive the whole time and imagine what might have happened, had we acted differently.

Vina's labour pains started in the dead of the night. I got on the phone to the doctor. His wife picked it up.

"Hello," I said. "Tell Keval, Vina's in labour."

"Oh," she said.

"What is it?" I asked, sensing some unuttered thoughts in her voice.

"We didn't expect the baby for a good three weeks."

"You can't tell with this kind of thing," I snapped with some annoyance. "Please tell him to come to the hospital. I'm taking Vina there now."

"Suraj," she said. "Keval isn't here. His mother was ill and he had to go away for a few days."

"What'll happen to Vina?" I asked alarmed.

"Don't worry. You bring her to the hospital. I'll come there and get the seniormost nurse too. Actually she's done more deliveries than Keval himself."

I put the phone down and made my way to the bedroom. Vina was still lying down, calmer now. Perhaps the pain had come and passed.

"Are you all right?" We hadn't told the others yet. But now I could hear feet shuffling in the hall. Vina's mother asked, "What is it? I heard you phone the doctor."

"Vina had a little pain but it has stopped now. Maybe it's a false alarm. It is much too early."

She went back to her room and I switched off the light. A few minutes later, I heard Vina cry out again. I got out of bed and began to dress. Her suitcase with the baby clothes and a few things was all packed and ready. I picked it up and took it out to the car.

I didn't tell either Vina or her mother that the doctor wasn't in town. I didn't want to frighten them. It was a fifteen-minutes drive to the hospital. I had thought Keval's wife would be there with the senior nurse as she promised. But when we got there, everything was silent as a tomb. I banged on the door. A sleepy eyed nurse opened it. She might have been about eighteen or twenty just out of nursing school.

She was a living dead. In giving birth, the pain had killed her own mind. It was a torture to see her go through life like a limp rag doll

"Get the labour room ready," I cried. "An emergency."

"Oh," she said.

"Didn't the doctor's wife phone you?"

"Yes," she said. "But she'll be here only in the morning."

"But she said..." I began, then realised it was futile to discuss it with this fresher.

"I want to phone her," I said. She took me to the office room where a desk stood. There was a couch here too, for the nurse who did night duty. Meanwhile, my mother-in-law led Vina to the recovery room where a bed was always kept in readiness.

"Oh hello, Suraj," said a feminine voice, ruffled and apologetic.

"You said you'd come here. I've brought Vina."

"I'm trying to track the senior nurse. She isn't at home. The phone keeps ringing. Maybe she's at a party."

"At this hour?"

"Don't forget it's New Year's eve."

"Oh," I said. It had completely slipped my mind that this was the night of all nights, when people danced into the wee hours of the morning.

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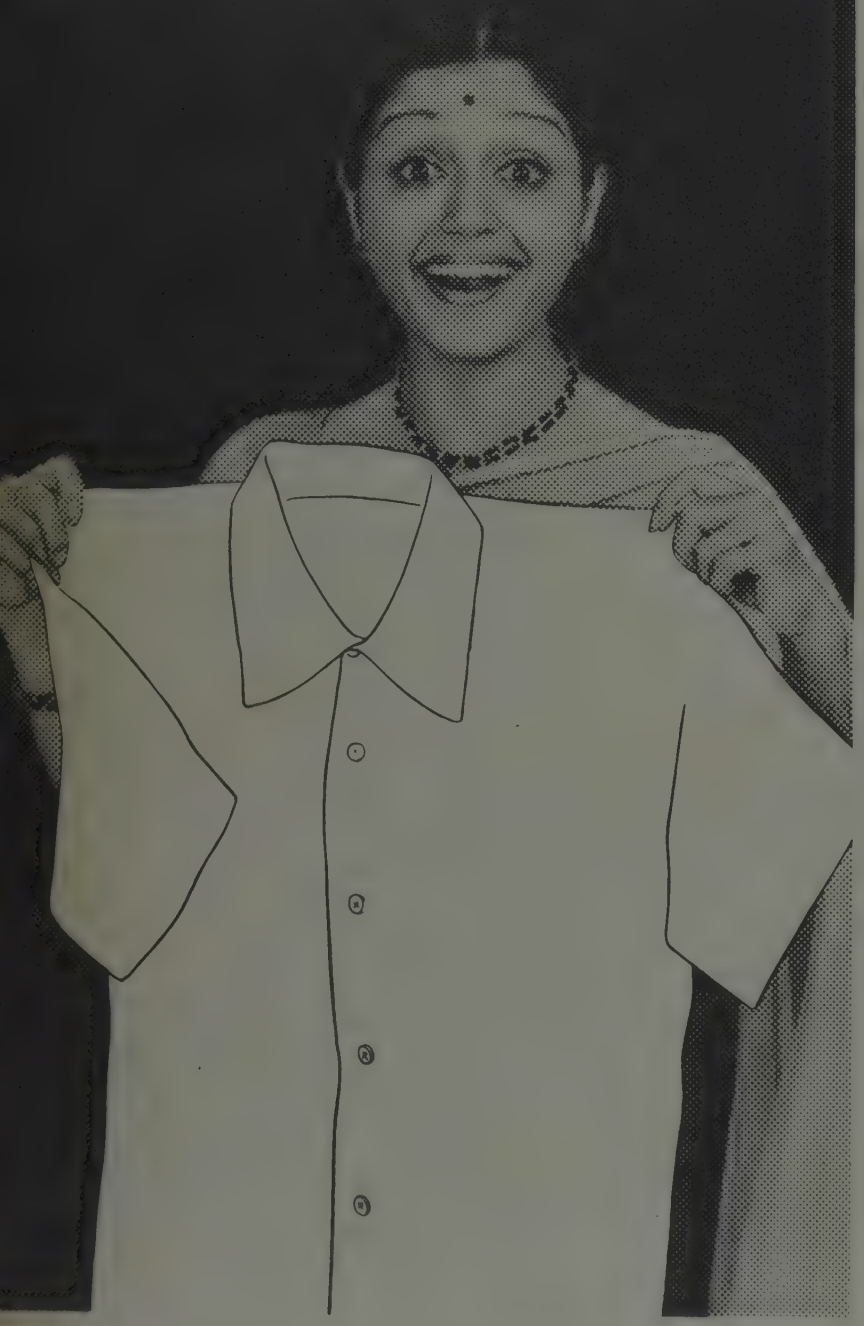

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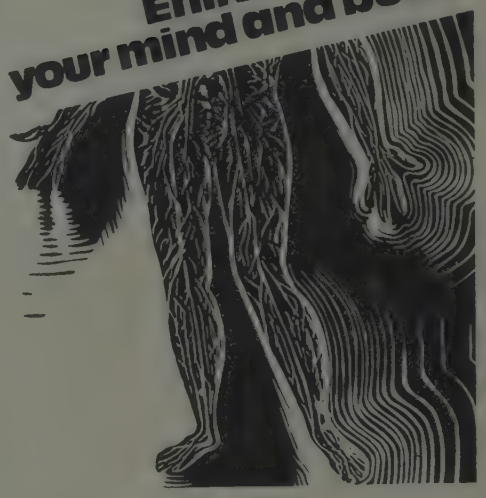

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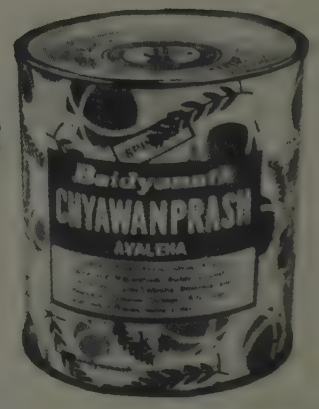

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"Don't worry," she said. "The baby won't arrive for quite some time yet. Not till the early hours of the morning or maybe even noon. It's a first baby isn't it?"

"That's right."

"Let the young nurse hold fort. There's nothing much to be done in the early stages anyway, except suffer it. I'll be down with you just as soon as the senior nurse gets home. I'm ringing her up every hour."

By the time Keval's wife arrived with the senior nurse, Vina had been in labour for several hours, with no signs of the baby coming.

"Hurry," I cried. "I don't think she can hold out much longer." The nurse gave me a half smile and rushed into the labour room. She had evidently dressed in a hurry.

A few minutes later she came out.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Everything is all right," she said. "You have a girl. Forceps case."

"How's Vina?" "All right," she said.

I heaved a sigh of relief.

Later, I went to the recovery room where they had wheeled her. She lay still, staring into space. I went to her and touched her moist brow. There was no reaction. I looked to see if she was asleep but her eyes were wide open. She was breathing quietly.

"Vina," I said. "We have a daughter."

Still no reaction. She might have been dead.

I realized later when we took her home after ten days, that it was a kind of death—a living death. It was her mind that had died in the rigours of the torturous pain before the head-nurse arrived. Vina's father urged me to sue the hospital for neglect. But I didn't. Even if we did make some protest, it would never bring back Vina to normality.

We stayed for almost a month with my in-laws. Vina's condition was unchanged. She went through life like a passive rag doll, not aware of night or day. We had to tell her it was time to eat and often painfully feed her.

I have shown her to so many doctors and psychiatrists. But her condition has remained static all these years. In the beginning Vina's parents kept the newborn Achala with them, while I took Vina away to Delhi to see if the tragedy of neglect could be undone by specialists. Later, when the child grew a little, Vina's mother brought her to Delhi and stayed with us. Maybe she felt the sight of the child would rouse some maternal feelings in her daughter. But Vina had turned to ice.

I got her out of bed everyday and got her to wash her face and brush her teeth like a small child. I fed her painstakingly and changed her clothes. Then I went to office. I went through years of this, while Achala grew and went to school. She never asked questions, understanding that her mother was in some way different from the others.

When Achala was eleven years old, I consulted a doctor who saw Vina and held forth a ray of hope. He said she would improve if we tried a simple strategy. Since the void had come on during intense labour, it was only natural to suppose that it would go away after another similar shock of pain.

Like a fool I believed him. I had not had much of a sex life with Vina after her mental vacuity set in. It was more or less a one-way exercise. Only, I had taken all precautions to ensure she did not become pregnant. After the doctor's new theory was propagated, I stopped using any such preventive devices. Two months later Vina became pregnant.

The shock of another delivery might revive her, the doctor said. It didn't. Vina's condition is still the same. Death would have been a release for her

Little Achala was an angel. She took over charge of her mother as it she had been born to it. Servants came and went. No one would stay for long because of the tremendous amount of work involved in our house. All the servants in the locality knew that memsahib was mentally ill.

Believe me, it never struck me throughout the difficult period that we were playing a deadly wager with an unborn life, who might well be damned to mental oblivion on account of the mother's condition. All I had thought about was Vina's improvement. Now with this knowledge, came fear. I went to the doctor who had advised the strategy.

"Doctor," I said, "I have a doubt to clear. Will the child Vina brings into the world be perfectly normal?" He puffed at his cigarette a number of times while I fidgeted impatiently.

"Tell me," I cried. "Because if not, I will make her abort it." He swung on me. "You can't abort it at this late stage," he cried. "Don't forget she is eight months pregnant."

"You should have warned me about this before," I accused.

"Relax, Suraj," he said. "Everything might turn out well after all. It was bold of you to take the step."

Vina was registered at the best clinic in town. Thev assured me her pregnancy was progressing smoothly and there was no cause for alarm. Everyday I watched her face eagerly for the slightest twitch of pain. It came as it had last time, in the dead of night in winter. I woke with a start when she moaned. I put on the light. She was lying very still. I roused her and drove her to the hospital in a taxi, letting Achala sleep on.

She could not bear the pain. She started running as soon as the taxi stopped and I opened the door. We had a time over powering her and getting her into the labour room. Even there she would let no one attend. She bit a nurse in the arm.

The doctor who had been summoned to handle the emergency knew the case. He told me at once that he would have to give her anaesthesia and operate. He could not endanger the lives of his staff.

"Doctor, please," I pleaded. "I want her to feel the pain. The unbearable pain which first unsettled her mind." He wouldn't listen to me. They pinned her down like an animal and wheeled her into the operation theatre, while I followed them down the corridor with tears in my eyes.

I could not enter the operation room. I waited outside, pacing wildly for two hours. Then a nurse came out and told me it was all over.

"Is she dead?" I asked. At that moment I almost wished she was. It was not callousness but a sort of desire born from my years of suffering.

"No," she replied. "She's still unconscious, but she'll come out of her coma presently."

"And the child?"

"An eight-pound boy. He's lovely." She gave me a bright smile and walked away.

I went and peeped in the room where they had wheeled Vina. She still lay in her induced sleep, oblivious of the world. I knew it would be the same when she woke up. They had not let her suffer the pain long enough. I went and searched out the doctor. He was drinking coffee in his room.

"Doctor," I said.

"Oh hello. Come in, have some coffee."

"Doctor. . ." I said unsurely.

"What is it?" he asked. Something in my mood and manner arrested his attention.

"I wonder if you will do something for me."

"What?"

"See that Vina never gets out of her coma."

"What?" he cried aghast.

"A little more anaesthesia. . . maybe. . . such accidents happen in hospitals all the time, don't they?"

"Suraj, are you asking me to kill your wife?"

Suddenly I realized the enormity of my suggestion. I touched his hand.

"Sorry," I said. "Forget I mentioned it." I turned away and walked back to my worthless life.

Today we are caught in the same trauma that dogged my fate when Vina went through her first delivery. Only, then we had her mother with us to care for the child. Now she is dead. Her other two daughters have married and gone away. We have not even given him a name. I am so disappointed with the way life has treated me.

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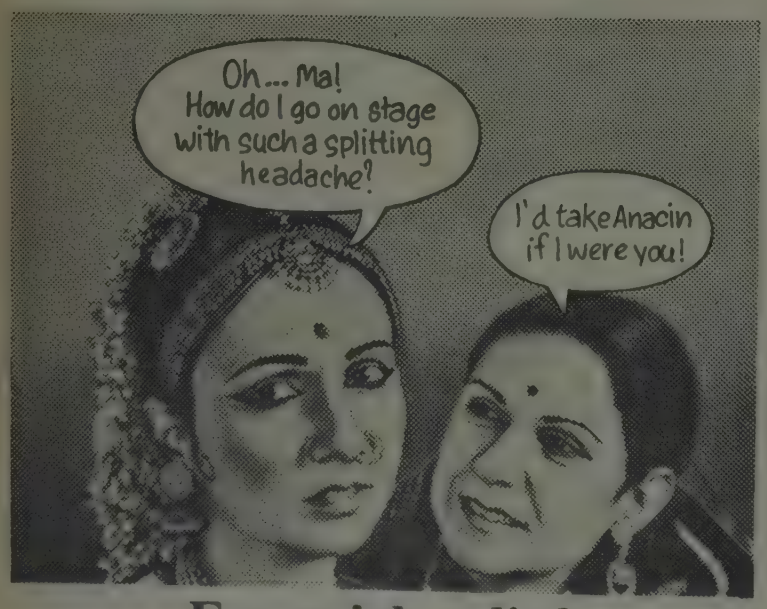

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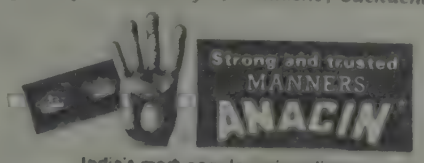

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THE WELL-ADJUSTED CHILD

Sarojini Welch

In the first and second part of this article on Personality Development, (published in the Special Issue dated December 23, 1978, and the issue dated December 30, 1978) I had briefly described the functions of parenting, outlined the basic concepts of Transactional Analysis and traced the over-all development of personality from conception and childbirth to the oral stage. In this part we shall trace the development of (1) The independent stage, between the ages one and a half to three years, (2) The trusting threes and (3) the fearful fours, keeping in mind how the life script messages and what the child does with these messages affect the whole life of a person.

THE INDEPENDENT STAGE (One and a half to three years)

By the time the child is one and a half years old, he is still helpless in many ways; however, he does experience a gradual and increased physical autonomy with his self-feeding, bladder and bowel control and motor activities. He becomes curious and begins to distinguish between the elements of the environment, is specific to needs and pleasures, and becomes an explorer. He has already learned how he does and now he begins to discover how other things do. He begins to differentiate between animate and inanimate objects and to elicit the responses he wants, thus getting the idea that he can control. At this stage a child opens toys to see how they work, opens cupboards to see what is inside them. Most parents say "don't" to the child and the child decides not to be curious. When he grows up he does not ask questions about how things work. One mother removed all the kitchen utensils from the bottom cabinets and put her child's unbreakable, openable toys there. She made her kitchen "child proof" rather than her child "kitchen proof". Her child remained free to be curious and to explore. If the child gets proper support and strokes for such behaviour he may become spontaneous and responsive. If not, he may decide to be passive and withdrawn.

In addition, teething, drooling and smearing may create a problem for parents who may feel guilty about feelings of annoyance and revulsion. Nurturing may be expressed out of their guilt. As a reaction to this, the child may again become passive or overadapted and continue to be this way in later life. In school he may not invest any energy in learning and developing his spontaneity. Thus his tree child ego expression is curtailed and he functions more and more from his adapted child. He does not use his Adult very much either to satisfy his curiosity.

By the time a child is three years old his awareness of the external environment matures. He experiences power and becomes aware of his own childhood. He also realizes that his own environment and, along with it, his problems, are growing. Most difficult to understand and control are people with whom he has to interact due to his continuous dependency. He realizes that he is not the master of all he surveys or that the world does not revolve around him. He responds to this with anger, aggression, rebellion or temper tantrums. With this the child provokes the parents to discipline him, leading to adaptive behaviour.

The child may make a decision: "I will obey and rebel inside me" or "Wait till I grow up, I will show you." This may become a script issue and he may obey the parents at home and rebel in school with the teacher. We have often heard parents say, "My child is so good at home, I do not know what happens to him at school." Maybe his teacher does not know how to handle him."

It is important that the parents allow themselves the full range of affection in their relationship to the child, utilizing their feelings to help the child learn appropriate emotional expressions in different social circumstances while still offering the protection of their nurturing and caring. If the parents permit or encourage the child to act out the parents' own rebelliousness, or are reluctant to make demands, the child may develop thinking disorders or anti-social behaviour. For example, a child may refuse to eat unless his demands are met, such as a demand for a toy. This blackmailing behaviour may be continued in later life to the extent that a college male student may threaten a girl that he will end his life unless she marries him.

THE TRUSTING THREES

The rather trying period for the parents mentioned above, emerges into the trusting threes, when the child is no longer a sullen, demanding, rebellious infant, but a pleasant, spontaneous, lovable person. At this stage, the child gathers facts and information for his adult ego state. He

Continued on page 51

PART THREE

In this part the author traces the development of a child's personality from the age of one and a half years to four years

THE NEW WOMAN

What's new about the woman of 1979? Nothing physical, certainly. But something mental, we hope.

The start of a new year seems a natural time for a fresh look at one's life, one's activities and one's attitudes, and for renewed, perhaps new, resolutions and commitments. Therein lies the "new".

Women constitute more than half the country's population. A potentially powerful section, which could bring about effective change in almost every sphere of national, regional and local life — if it had the will to do so.

Many pressing issues could do with women's particular attention, involvement and agitation for change because, while some of them are being fought for by concerned individuals and groups all over the country, many get left behind. And the ones that do fall by the wayside are often those that directly affect women.

THE REALITY OF RAPE

Take, as a vivid example, the problem of rape. Try as we might, we cannot get away from the fact that rape occurs and that it occurs much more frequently than the police and most of the press would have us believe. Off the record but reliable information provided by a forensic expert once attached to a city police hospital, gives evidence of a staggering number of rapes reported to that one hospital in one year (1976). No matter that most people, including — most tragic of all — many women, think that rape charges are usually cooked up and that even when they are not the woman must have "asked for it". The fact is that it is happening all the time and that fellow women are suffering. If that's not enough reason to get agitated, just think: rape affects us middle, upper-middle and higher income group women just as surely. It could happen to any of us at any time — if we weren't so intimidated by the thought of it that we are careful and try never to be in a vulnerable situation. Fear of rape is thus at the root of the many restrictions that women have come to accept as part of their lives, restrictions that often keep us out of the mainstream.

In many Western countries, women's groups have singled out rape as an issue needing definite, drastic and immediate action that will change cynical attitudes, make the laws more realistic and applicable, ensure medical and psychological help for rape victims and — equally important — provide psychological counselling for the rapist himself, for there is no doubt that he is a sick man.

Our rape laws make it almost impossible for a rapist to be provided guilty, let alone for the victim to be granted redress. The attitudes of the police, the official doctors and the general public are obscene, in the worst kind of way. (In fact, especially in the rural areas, many rapes occur in the police stations, where policemen turn rapists, and it is an accepted fact that the local political bigwig or landlord has the right to molest the occasional woman.) No psychological help is provided to the victim — if anything, she is made to feel guilty for the crime perpetrated on her. The rapist, clearly a disturbed person, is left to roam the streets, coping with his problem the best way he can — often by the another rape.

Surely rape is one of the issues every woman and women's group should be concerned about and get actively involved in?

Closely tied up with rape is the situation of women in police custody As reported by us recently (December 2, 1978), the Muktadar Commission, appointed by the government of Andhra Pradesh, after much public pressure, to inquire into the Rameeza Bee case, recently submitted its report to the government. The report is a clear indictment of the police and the government in their handling of the case. The Commission concluded by highlighting "the pitiable condition of suspect women, particularly of the poor classes, at the hands of the police, in the police station(s)" and urges drastic action by the government to ensure the personal safety of these women.

Constant monitoring by women's groups of the treatment of women by the police could go a long way towards forcing the government — central as well as state, for this is clearly not an isolated case — to take note of the Commission's conclusions and to act upon them.

Similarly, the condition of women in prisons ought to be the concern of every individual woman and every women's group. Nation-wide vigilance and protest by women cannot but have an effect on the authorities.

A PUNE A MONTH

Then there is population control. What could be more sobering than the thought that every month sees the addition of more than ten lakh people — or one more Pune — to our already overgrown population. In even more frightening terms, that means two Bombays are added to the country every year. It is a major national catastrophe that, down at the family level, has special implications for the woman. For it is the woman who ultimately bears the brunt of it all — it is her health that is affected by pregnancy after pregnancy, it is she who finally has to find the food with which to feed her children.

OF 1979

It's a national issue all right. But it's a women's issue no less. The involvement of more women in family planning education (it's not a bad idea to start with the family and the servants) and implementation (perhaps as part-time volunteers) would be invaluable to the eventual solution of the problem.

Contraception and abortion are two corollary issues that would benefit from women's attention. Many women scientists are awarded scholarships and fellowships for research. If at least a few of these awards were used for research into effective, harmless, cheap and easy-to-use contraceptives — for the male and as well as the female — it would be an invaluable service to the nation.

In the case of abortion, women's groups could and should take it upon themselves to visit abortion clinics — private as well as government-run — to check on the hygienic conditions, the facilities, the general atmosphere and, most important, the attitudes of the doctors and other workers. As we reported in a recent article (December 9, 1978), women are often submitted to the most humiliating, down-grading and soul-destroying of experiences in the abortion departments of some of the major public hospitals. Among the culprits are, unfortunately, women doctors.

THE PROBLEM OF ILLITERACY

Illiteracy is another major national problem that is one of the most important of women's issues. The latest available statistics tell us that only 18.7 per cent of Indian women are literate (even though the standard of literacy applied is pitifully low), leaving 81.3 per cent (about 215 million) as illiterates. The actual number of adult illiterate women has been increasing by about 2.5 million every year.

At the school level, where the overall drop-out rate is in itself alarmingly high, the female drop-outs far outnumber the male drop-outs. As said in our special supplement on the National Adult Education Programme (NAEP), every educated woman, especially every educated housewife, could be of crucial importance to the effort to spread literacy; she could, in her spare time, and without moving very far from her own home, educate a number of illiterate persons, beginning with her own servants and her servants' children. The education of women is of the utmost importance because, as has often been said, "when you educate a woman, you educate a whole family."

Another national priority that is of particular importance to women is health-care, which is at present beyond the reach of much of the population. The persons who suffer the most from lack of adequate, if any, health-care, are the women and (often consequently) the children.

Agitation by women and women's groups for the extension of basic health-care services to reach the so-far unreached could go on side by side with practical, everyday help to the unreached within our personal reach. Helping register servants and their children in the free medical aid services of private hospitals, encouraging them to take advantage of the free medical facilities at public hospitals, ensuring that they are given fair and good treatment at these hospitals (it necessary, going along with them), educating them about modern medicine and helping them to overcome their fears — these could be crucial first steps. Women's groups could ask women doctors to participate in part-time free clinics and doctors could organize such clinics on their own.

LEGAL AID

Similarly, women lawyers could, on their own or under the sponsorship of a women's group, provide free legal aid to the many who need legal help but cannot afford it. While working on our special supplement on women and the law (March 11, 1978), we found to our dismay that free legal aid is as good as unavailable even in a city like Bombay. One society that did start off with good intentions has fizzled into virtual non-existence since.

Even educated women are often ignorant about the provisions of the law, even those laws that directly affect their own lives. To remedy this to some extent, we intend to a start a know-your-rights column. If every reader could pass the information thus gained on to the people she comes into regular contact with, it would be a beginning. Women's groups could study the constitution, law by law—it would an interesting as well as useful activity. But in addition, women's groups should encourage women lawyers to volunteer a little time towards providing legal aid to women who cannot afford the legal advice and help they so badly need.

One could go on for ever about how every individual woman and every women's group could contribute something concrete towards women's — and thereby, ultimately, national — progress. It is not a one-article subject by any means. This is just for starters, to stimulate thinking and to urge involvement and commitment. As we have been doing through the past year, we will continue through the current year to highlight various issues that call for attention and action. It is up to the new woman of 1979 to heed the call and take up the challenge. Let that be the spirit of '79.

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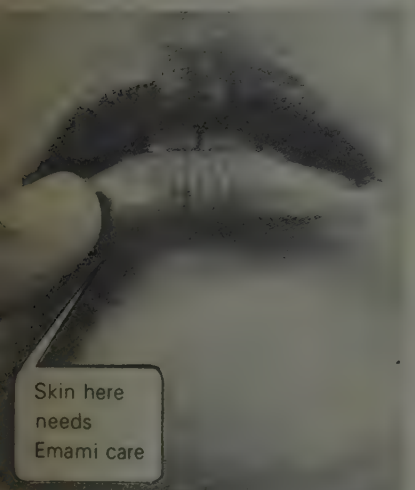

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'79 RESOLUTIONS

Continued from page 11

doesn't drink a toast to the New Year with a swig of you-know-what.

As for my good friend (or at least Rusi Karanjia's good friend), the Shah of Iran — if he can still think straight with all that gunfire going off around him and if he can still keep his head while everybody around him is losing theirs, then I suggest that his New Year Resolution be that in 1979 he throw out all Westerners and ban the speaking of French by the royal nannies. He should forget about Cyrus the Great and the Sassanian Empire and instead proclaim the great Islamic heritage. He should also resolve in 1979 to decree that all women return to the burkha, starting with the Empress. ("Sorry about this, but you'll have to forget about Dior, dear Farah. After all, would you rather have your Cardin or your crown?") The king of kings should also resolve to strip some of those medals off his uniform so he doesn't look so much like the military despot his detractors accuse him of being. He should resolve to live a little more austerely in the New Year, put up for sale the spare chateau in St. Moritz, donate his chandeliers to the mosques, distribute his Louis XIV furniture to the poor who have known nothing but mats and while you're clearing house, Mr. Pahalvi, would you please return to us our Peacock Throne?

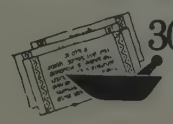
Be that as it may, I think it is essential that our film stars make some sensible New Year resolutions. This would be in the national interest since these are the glimmering prototypes on which our youth and even their paunchy parents model themselves.

Having flopped in 1978 as the unclad village belle, Zeenat Aman should aim to play in 1979 a cabaret dancer clad from neck to toe. It might also be a good idea to cover her face as well. That would be less troublesome than scarring it.

Shyam Benegal, since he has started the ball rolling by signing up Shashi Kapoor, should now go the entire box-office way in 1979 by making "Son of Sholay".

Kabir Bedi does his own thing, that includes the making of resolutions. I have it from an inside source that in 1979 he will be looking out for a tall, stunning beauty with a name beginning with "Q". "I am tired of all these Ps," he is reported to have said. "I hate ruts, a man must progress, mustn't he?"

Since all these stars live only to be slaughtered by film magazines, I hope the latter will resolve to **bundal maro** with even greater fervour, make **chhutti** of the stars to their hearts' content, and generally **lagao** as much **mirchi masala** as they can about Zeenie Baby, La Tagore, Pad Kaps, Snooty Shabana, Lambooji, Shotgun and The Phenomenon that has now gone phut. Actually these star-shredder journals are probably the only ones of the people I have so laboriously listed and so painstakingly advised, who will keep their resoultions. Which may make 1979 an interesting year to live in after all.



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THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Continued from page 31

Ing indifference. He was in no mood to talk. "Let's go and sit in the Maidan," Sinha said. There was no other way out. Besides, he liked the Maidan.

"For the past many days I've been thinking of asking you a question," Sinha said, settling down on the grass. "But I never got a chance."

He gave Sinha a questioning look. "Yes, what's it you want to know?"

"Is it true that on the day of 'cease work' you were working in the Boss's room?"

"Yes, I was." He swallowed hard.

"So that accounts for it. Now I know why those people are after your blood. They may beat you up. But the game is not yet lost. The situation can be saved if you can somehow contrive to show yourself absent on the Attendance Register on that day."

"But that's not possible."

"I can manage it for you." Sinha gave him a conspiratorial smile.

"I'm afraid, I'll not be up to it."

"Then go to hell, for all I care!" Sinha got up in a huff.

"All right, I'll do as you suggest," he said helplessly.

"That's a good boy!" Sinha slapped his back. "So that's settled. All right, I'll go now." He proceeded towards the bus-stand.

Musing over what Sinha had told him, he spread a handkerchief on the grass under a tree and listlessly sat down on it. But it was getting hot and he could not sit there for long. Should he or should he not accept Sinha's suggestion? The thought kept tormenting him. He got up and started walking, oblivious of where he was going.

He realised that the only thing that mattered was that he must live. All his principles, his convictions seemed to have disappeared into the limbo. Sinha's words kept buzzing in his ears.

Without knowing it, he found himself standing before the door of his house. He was drenched in perspiration. He beat the door-chain against the door with all his strength. He saw many faces leaning out of the neighbouring windows. But he did not care. Without waiting for a response, he again struck the chain against the door.

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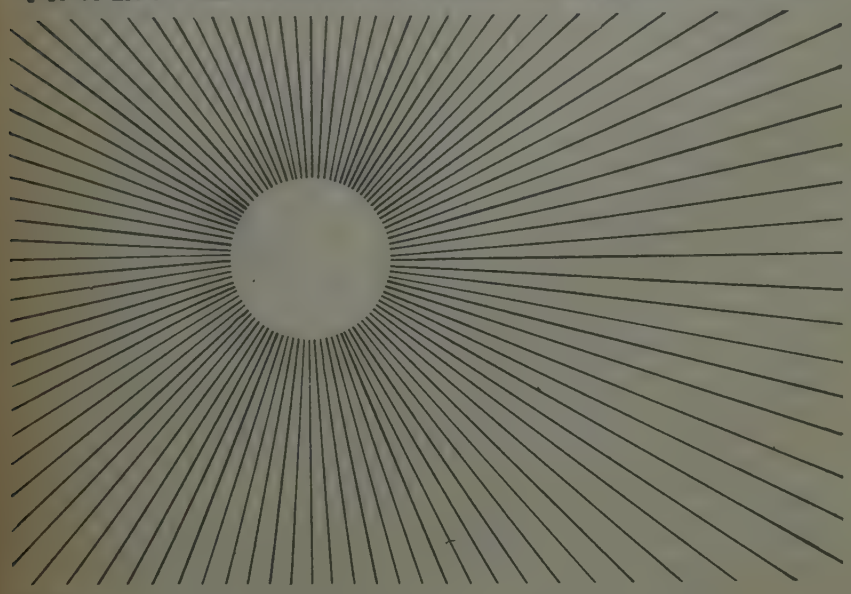

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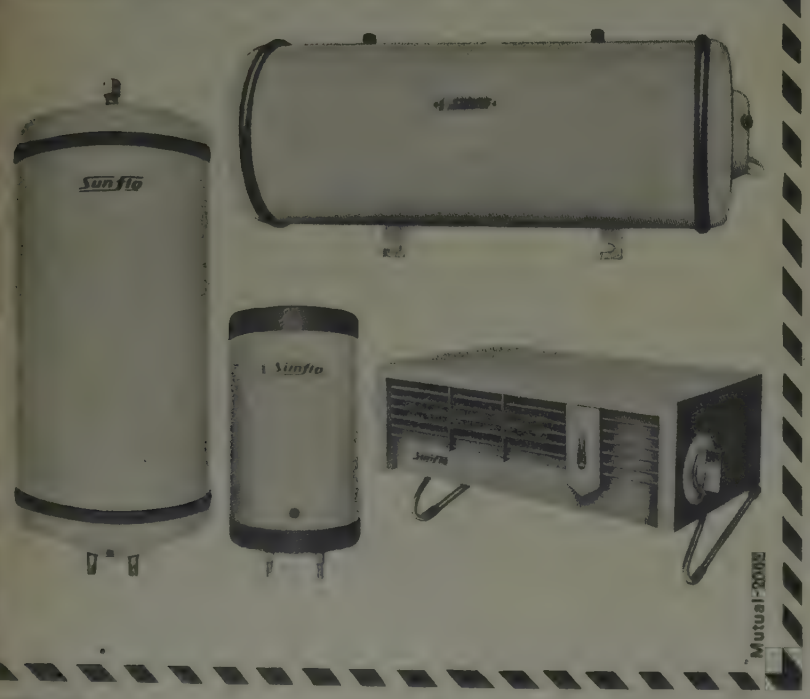

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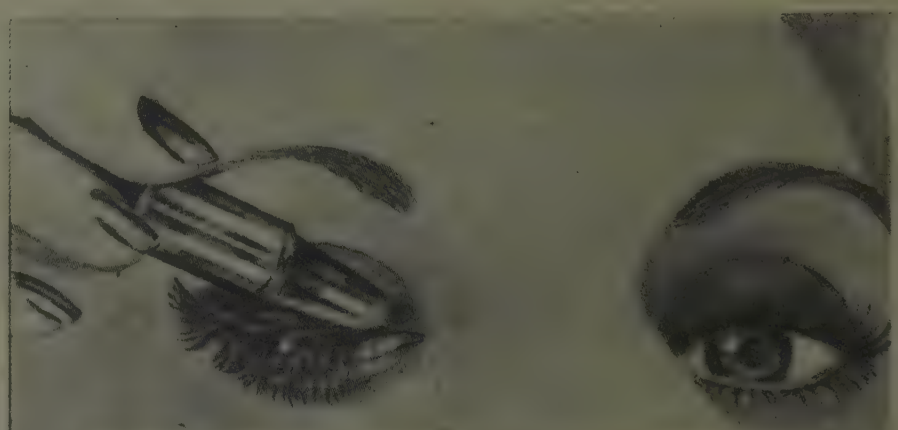

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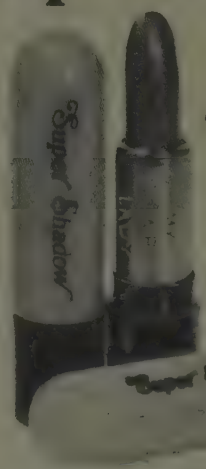

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THE WELL-ADJUSTED CHILD

Continued from page 45

learns that boys grow up to be men, a train goes faster than a bullock-cart, etc. This is the year when a child learns about culture and adapts new social values, thus using his own Parent Ego State. Parents need to spend time in explaining and answering the child's questions in a frank and honest way.

At four years of age the child is growing up. He is facing problems that he needs to solve independently without the help of his parents. He perceives the world as a huge place with conflicting demands. Reality is still not clear and differentiating between memory, fantasy and dreams, very difficult. Children at this age are still in need of controlling the environment and yet discover that they need to control themselves in relation to the environment and produce adaptive behaviour which will result in problem solving and acceptance and approval by the adults.

If they are not getting firm parenting in the areas of their welfare and safety, they may experience nightmares and excessive fears. A secure external structure is necessary to take care of this problem. Some children will still experiment with fear for getting strokes, being held or taken care of. Ram may run to the nursery school teacher's lap shouting that a lion is chasing him. The teacher may feel ambivalent regarding the urgency with which Ram demands protection and reassurance concerning the fantasies and fears he has created in his head. Ram's parents had told him, "If you are naughty, the lion will get you." The teacher may work to provide comfort and reassurance which the child may be deprived of at home or express irritation at the irrationality of the demand.

Children should be encouraged to begin to provide solutions to their own problems. For example, Ram may be told by the teacher, "I don't believe there is a lion chasing you. If you have been naughty and think that, then I think you are making it up and you can figure out what to do about your naughtiness." Ram is then stimulated to figure out his own punishment for being naughty rather than using his fantasy to create fear in him and get strokes. Thus he is encouraged to use his Adult to figure out problem solving ways. During these developing stages, it is important for parents to take time and answer their children's questions patiently and truthfully, encourage initiative, motivation, curiosity, creativity and the desire to explore so that the children grow up with the message that they're important and they count, and thus feel O.K. about themselves and others. If not, the child will get the message that he is a botheration, he should not be curious or take initiative and may grow up to be a withdrawn person. It is important to give positive strokes to the children for asking, for growing up and for being independent during these stages.

(To be continued)

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

A CRACK IN DILIP'S IMAGE!

Dilip Kumar cracked up his carefully guarded image of forty years when he hammered harmless Price Chandru at Raj Kapoor's birthday party. Chandru, apart from being a producer waiting to be discovered for the last twenty years, is chief hanger-on of Raj Kapoor but, ironically, an ardent fan of Dilip Kumar.

Only a fortnight before this incident, Chandru rang up Dilip Kumar to invite him for his leading lady's birthday. Said Dilip, "Do not fasao me in these starlets' birthday parties. All these heroines, including my wife, are in raptures over Dilip Kumar." "Dilip Kumar is a good artiste, but the star and his image are as far apart as Dimple and Simple," I told him.

I went on to give Chandru examples of Dilip's pettiness, all his **bakwas leaderbazi** (he is no good at politics), his harassing of journalists, checking other people's guest lists, banning journalists instead of barring wife Saira from wearing only the fig leaf, etc.

"Dilip Kumar is basically a feudal man who is trying on garbs of democracy and socialism," I told Chandru.

Chandru left my room saying, "You are crazy, you don't know the real Dilip."

Stars are never real, they are a mere state of mind, and I am glad I know what is in their minds," I told Chandru.

After that I bumped into Chandru at Raj Kapoor's party

Raj had not invited any press folks or photographers. "I have called you as a family member. I didn't want **maramari, tamasha.** I am not going to drink till the party is almost over," said Raj.

I did not like to tell Raj that I have this cracked Mars that spells Hangama. Zarine, Sanjay's wife, had come with some Iranian guests and one of them was helping me to find a friend I had lost two years ago. Suddenly I saw Dilip, looking all worked up. I moved to another corner in spite of the fact that the Iranian, John, kept saying that I was unnecessarily nervous. Chandru tried to stop me. He was sozzled. I left John and Chandru both and opted for the Mirza Brothers, Number III, to discuss Rajesh Khanna's future. Chandru walked over to Dilip and told him that he was a finished star, that he could not act for nuts, that he could stage a comeback only with the help of generals like Prince Chandru.

Dilip should have just gulped down Chandru with extra ice cubes in his whisky. Instead, Dilip caught him by the neck and hammered him to **halwa,** watched by all. After which Dilip stayed on at the party. Chandru, with bleeding eyes, took refuge in the toilet and Raj Kapoor asked for whisky. "I need my first drink at least," he said.

When Dilip left he did not even apologize for creating a scene at someone else's party and messing up the icing on Raj's birthday cake.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Sardar Gurcharan Singh and Mansimran Singh, renowned for their original designs in Delhi Blue Art Pottery, held an exhibition of their latest work at the Jehangir Art Gallery. It was inaugurated by Mrs. Bulbul N. Sen.

Besides the Blue Art Pottery which is their speciality, also on display were beautifully shaped mugs, bowls and vases, dinner sets and tea sets in unusual glazes. For Bombayites, this was a rare opportunity to see the latest in Indian ceramics.

* * *

An interesting exhibition of contemporary Finnish design, "Finland Designs", was on view at the Jehangir Nicholson Museum of Modern Art of the National Centre for the Performing Arts. It was presented by the Embassy of Finland.

On display were unusual glassware, ceramics, cast-iron items, furniture and a host of other lovely articles — functional as well as graceful. The clean, uncluttered lines and simplicity of designs reflected the sophisticated tastes of the Finnish people.

Miss Riitta Oro, Ambassador of Finland, inaugurated the exhibition.

Among the 35 artists featured were Alvar Alto, Kaj Franck and Eero Aarnio.

The Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee are presenting their first concert of the year — their celebrity concert — featuring Bijan Khadem-Missagh, the outstanding Iranian violinist, with Shanti Seldon on the Pianoforte, at the Patkar Hall on Thursday, January 4. The concert will be held under the patronage of Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali.

Bijan Khadem-Missagh emigrated to Vienna at the age of nine. At 12 he gave his first solo performance with orchestra. He founded the Eurasia Quartet, toured all over Europe, performing also, for the first time compositions of West Asia. He won the Grand Prix and the first prize at the International Chamber Music Competition in Colmar, France, in 1971. Since 1974, Khadem-Missagh has been performing with members of the Tonkunstler Symphony Orchestra, Vienna, as soloist and conductor.

* * *

A Kumari Gayatri Memorial Rolling Shield has been instituted in honour of the young student who died on November 1 in the police firing at Ujjire during the recent Chikmagalur by-election. The shield was awarded to the winners of the Inter-collegiate elocution and talent competition in Kannada, held at the premises of the Bharat Education Society's College of Commerce and Economics.

Gayatri was a B.A. student of the D.M. College in Ujjire.

* * *

The Nartak Milan will hold a classical dance competition in the first week of February, starting from February 3, to choose "the best dancers of the years".

The competition covers the following dances: Bharata Natyyam, Kathakali, Kuchipudi, Manipuri, Kathak, Mohini Attam and Odissi. It is open to all, and will be held at the Bhulabhai Memorial Institute.

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1 At a reception held by Mr. S. Horino, consul-general for Japan and Mrs. Horino, in honour of Mr. Masao Kanazawa, Japan's ambassador in India, are seen, from left, Mrs. Horino, Mrs. S. El-Ejel, wife of the consul-general for Syria, Mrs. S. Arsad, wife of the consul-general for Indonesia, Mrs. Kanazawa, Mr. Kanazawa, Mrs. H. Schoettle, consul-general for the Federal Republic of Germany and Mr. S. Horino.

2 Nargis Dutt felicitates Protima Bedi, who recently gave an Odissi dance performance in the newly-opened Prithvi Theatre in Bombay.

3 At the children's education fund-raising programme of the All-India Women's Conference, Khar branch, held in Bombay, are seen from left, Mrs. Devayani Kulkarni, president, chief guest Mr. Kulbhushan Jain, Mrs. Sushila Munshi, and Mrs. Tarangani Cholia, advisors and Mrs. Mallika Vakil, hon. secretary.

4 Mr. P. L. Kirloskar, managing director of the Blue Diamond Hotel and chief guest at the cookery contest organised by the Poona Herald and Weikfield Ltd., in Pune, hands over the first prize in the Vegetarian category to Mrs. Vimla Rajgopalan.

4

MADRAS

The Don Bosco Matriculation School is having a benefit performance this month to raise funds for the School. The Parent-Teacher Association has invited the Calcutta Youth Choir to give a performance — their first in Madras. At a press conference, the Principal of the Don Bosco Matriculation School and Mrs. Ruma Guha Takurta of the Calcutta Youth Choir discussed the coming event. The choir has a repertoire of traditional folk songs from all over India, and the show promises to be an interesting one.

PUNE

Mr. P.L. Kirloskar, managing director, Blue Diamond Hotel, was chief guest at the Cookery Contest organised by the **Poona Herald** and Weikfield, and co-sponsored by the Food Craft Institute at Pune. Mr. Mukesh Malhotra, Executive Director of Weikfield, presided. Mr. S.D. Wagh, editor of the **Poona Herald,** and Mrs. Vrinda Gangolli, principal of the Food Craft Institute, were present.

The prize winners were, in the Vegetarian category, Mrs. Vimla Rajgopalan — first prize; and Mrs. Raj Anand — second prize. In the Non-Vegetarian category, the first prize was awarded to Mrs. Z. Ibrahim and the second to Dolly Sawhney. In the Desserts category, Mrs. Padma Advani won first prize and Mrs. Sillu Batliwalla second.

AHMEDABAD

Kumudini Lakhia and her troupe recently gave an excellent Kathak recital at the Dinesh Hall, under the auspices of the Ahmedabad South Indian Association. Kumudini's performance of 'Shakti' exhibited her mastery over this dance. On the second day of the Association's cultural festival, the Dhananjayans of Madras, gave Bharata Natyam and Kathakali performances. On the last day of the cultural festival, Mr. Brijbhushan Lal Kabra gave a classical Hindustani music recital on the guitar. He was accompanied by young Nitai Chakravarthy on the **tabla.**

The cultural programme was inaugurated by Mr. B.J. Diwan, Chief Justice of the Gujarat High Court.

JULLUNDER

A fashion show with a difference was held at the Jullunder Club recently. Entitled "Round the clock dos and don'ts", it was an instructive show, to help women who may not have the perfect figure or height, choose a suitable wardrobe. The show was organized by Neelakshi Jatar and directed by Krishna Roy.

CHANDIGARH

The DAV College, Jullunder, won the Dara Singh Running Shield for its one-act play **Kheinch Rahen Hain,** in the seventh annual Meena Kumari Memorial All-India Drama and Song competition, held here under the auspices of the All-India Artistes Association. It was inaugurated by Mr. Sudershan Gour, founder of the Association.

Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma of Govt. College, Bilaspur, won the Best Script award, Ravi Deep of DAV College, won the Best Make-up Award, and also shared the Best Actor award with Pushpender Kumar, Govt. College, Sangrur and Pardeep Hooda of DAV College, Chandigarh.

Harinder Kaur of Govt. College, Sangrur and Meena of Govt. College, Hissar shared the Best Actress Award.

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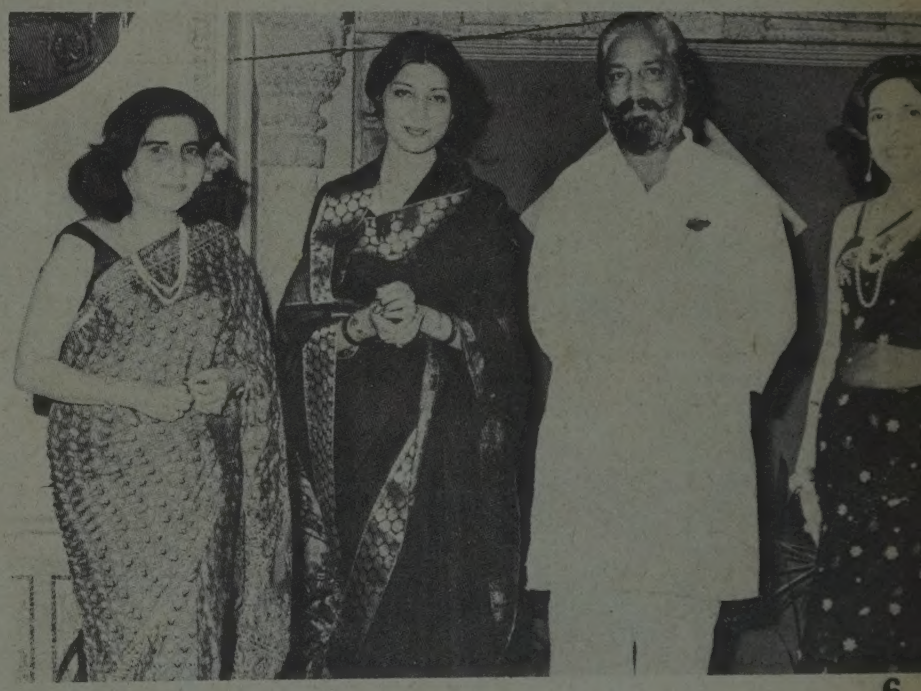

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5 At a party hosted by Mr. S. M. Sachdev, director, Allied Publishers, for Prof. Peter F. Drucker, American management consultant, are seen from left, Mr. S. Rebello, Prof. Drucker, Mrs. Gunilla Sachdev and Mrs. Drucker.

6 Nargis and Sylla Spencer (ext. left and right), presented a fashion show for the Baroda Rayon Corporation at Baroda. Here they are seen with the chairman, Mr. Fatehsingh Gaekwad and his daughter Shobhangiri.

7 Participants of the fashion show sponsored by the Membership Committee of the YWCA, Madras.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

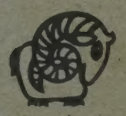
FOR THE WEEK Jan. 7 — 13

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

An uptrend in all areas, say your stars. Not only will some worthwhile opportunities come your way, but also some good fortune, right out of the blue. Not only this but your mood and confidence will be elevated; you'll feel like going for new targets with enthusiasm. Forget minor troubles of the recent past — you can accomplish your aims now. There will be plenty of romantic opportunities, a new togetherness if married. Your popularity will be high, so make the most of social life and link up with the influential, if you get the chance. As a Capricorn subject you are always concerned with future financial security. This is a money-making year if you have confidence in your capabilities.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Everything is going well for you now — but aim high in both personal life and more practical matters. A busy week with some unusual news which makes for a sudden journey or a change of plan.

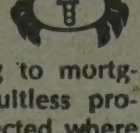
TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

Venus, your ruling planet, has been adversely affecting you for some months, but this influence has now faded. Happier indications for your love life now, for all relationships — and there are some promising meetings on the way. You'll find you have more cash in hand soon.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

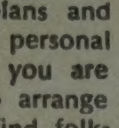
There could be some problems if you give in to an extravagant mood and splash your cash around recklessly. Think ahead a bit. In romance, use your wits and your charm to deal with a rival who appears on the scene.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



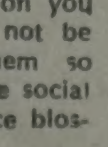
It looks as though you are going to mortgage your time and energy in fruitless projects. Your vitality should be directed where it will do the most good. If you neglect those little routine jobs you'll be in a flurry soon and nervous tension will affect you.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)



A rather helpful week for your plans and ambitions. The accent is on your personal affairs in a happy way. Anything you are currently involved in — or trying to arrange — should get a boost and you'll find folks going out of their way to be nice. An unexpected meeting can lead to romance.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



Organize your time to take in the essentials — and let go of people who lean on you too much. In any case, you may not be doing much good running after them so much. Find lots of extra time for the social scene and for your hobbies. Romance blossoms in a friendly atmosphere.

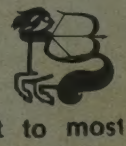
LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Your love life is looking more interesting and meetings this week could lead to something wonderful. Get around, and try fresh scenes and activities. You have a light-hearted period ahead of you when new contacts, unusual ideas will be lucky.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

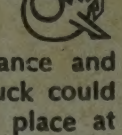
Follow fresh trails and remember that it is the new and novel which is lucky to you just now. An attractive idea will be put to you and this is worth your attention — but, if in doubt, follow your intuition. Minor, but beneficial, home changes are on the way; romance is in the air.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



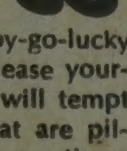
Sparkling stars are giving a boost to most of your activities — and to your personality. You are in a rather fortunate period when the good things will seem to come your way. There are plenty of chances for romance to blossom in a busy social round.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



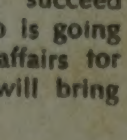
Helpful indications for both romance and money matters — and a stroke of luck could come because you are in the right place at the right time. A super week, when you'll feel good and look your best too.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



The present week will be a happy-go-lucky period when you will be able to please yourself, mainly. Amusing distractions will tempt you away from those little jobs that are piling up, but bear in mind that busy times are on the way shortly. A new romance could occur suddenly and completely absorb you soon.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Dynamic stars are influencing your special hopes and dreams and these can succeed soon. You will meet a person who is going to have a happy effect on your affairs for some time to come and a letter will bring good news too.

A PRACTISING GANDHIAN

Continued from page 23

milk-distribution centres, as also industrial classes. Because of failing eyesight, she resigned this chairmanship in '64. The same year, the government of India awarded the Padmashri title to Ambujammal. Since '64, the Srinivasa Gandhi Nilayam has taken all her time.

There was a time in her youth when Ambujam was fond of her jewellery and diamonds. Came a day when she saw Gandhiji asking a little girl why she was wearing diamonds and why not she give them to him. The little girl complied and handed them over to Bapu. Ambujam had no intention of parting with any of her jewels — then. But after her father's passing away in 1941, Amma gave away the whole lot to Gandhiji's Harijan Welfare Fund.

There are other positions Amma has graced with distinction, and other causes she has worked for — secretary of the Mylapore Ladies Club in '36, committee member of the Hindi Prachar Sabha from '35-'39, secretary and treasurer of the Women's Indian Association from '38-'52, member of the Madras Corporation in '41, member of the Syndicate of Madras University in '46, chairman of the Reception Committee of All-India Women's Conference in '47, chairman of the Reception Committee at the Avadi session of the Indian National Congress in '55, and vice-president of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee for two years. In 1973, Amma was awarded the tamrapatra by the Tamil Nadu government for her sacrifices as a freedom-fighter.

In the midst of all these various activities, Amma has translated Tulsidas' "Ramcharitmanas" and Premchand's novel, "Sevasadan", from Hindi into Tamil. She has written a book about her father and another about her memories of Gandhiji, in addition to her own memoirs.

Ambujammal was born an aristocrat and grew up one. Meeting Bapu, she found a new meaning to life. She harkened to the call of duty. Over half a century ago Amma took a pledge to serve. Since then every day has been a day of quiet dedication to ideals and enthusiastic activity to realize them. Ambujammal has made her life blessed by finding the purpose of life in social service. No wonder she draws strength and serenity from it.

Nirmala M. Pai

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